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The Phone Company Papers
A PEEK AT THE BOOKS
Joseph C. Goulden

New Voices of Newsmen
Don Rose

Guatemala's Right-Wing Terror
Alejandro Portes

Robert S. Picciotto *on* George Steiner

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LETTERS

Greek holiday

Arlington Heights, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: You are not to be commended for publishing the editorial "Heritage," in the Nov. 29 issue, for it is an example of slipshod reporting slanted to suit its writer's purposes. . . . In this case I know that your contributor was wrong for I was not only present at the meetings of the Society of American Travel Writers on Rhodes but as the president of the society at the time, I presided. . . .

Richard Dunlop, Chairman, Board of Directors
Society of American Travel Writers

New York City

DEAR SIRS: You ran an excellent editorial entitled "Heritage"; it was a well-deserved criticism of the Society of American Travel Writers for holding its annual convention in Greece.

Robert S. Kane, past president
Society of American Travel Writers

fighting the label

Staten Island, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: The Ruffini article ["Call It Mafia," *The Nation*, Nov. 22] may make some points, but where does it leave us?

Does Ruffini really suggest that the Mafia is actually a myth and that reference to it is not only abusive but dangerous? . . . As an American of Italian extraction, I would never urge undermining free expression as a method for relieving me from nonexistent prejudices allegedly flowing from inexact as well as exact reporting and public comments.

John J. Marchi

Ottawa, Canada

DEAR SIRS: I'm puzzled at your running Eugene Ruffini's "Call It Mafia," in which he virtually states that the Mafia does not exist. Do he and you really believe that Gay Talese's and Nicholas Gage's exposés of the Mafia—carefully documented and naming names—are tissues of lies? If so, why haven't they been sued?

Paul A. Gardner

Teaneck, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: I do not mean to patronize those who question my position on organized crime, but nevertheless I must attempt to take away something they have enjoyed believing in. Yes, I do not believe there is any formal organization called The Mafia and yes, I do believe that the stubbornness shown by the media and others in using the term is part of the bias against Italian-Americans and has hurt their upward mobility.

I believe Italian-Americans are very prominent in crime, but I don't believe they control it, nor do I believe they invented it or imported it, as the strident use of the term Mafia, despite tinny and faint disclaimers by the media, would indicate.

Messrs. Talese and Gage are practitioners of popular journalism. Both are "Mafia experts" and there are areas of strong disagreement between them; but then, inconsistency and argument are common among Mafiologists. (The temptation to write "Mythologists" is almost overwhelming.) . . .

Gene Ruffini

any books?

Franconia, N. H.

DEAR SIRS: Franconia College is a small, innovative liberal arts school, nonprofit, without much money. We have a small library and are desperately in need of books. We thought the readers and contributors of *The Nation* might help us out by sending to Franconia College, Franconia, N. H. 03580, their surplus books and review copies which they no longer need. . . . Of course, all contributions are tax-deductible.

Leon Botstein, President

EDITORIALS

The New Air War

The most recent U.S. "protective reaction" air strikes in northern Laos and North Vietnam have been of such strength, utilizing as they have virtually every available military aircraft in Indochina, that the Administration can no longer conceal what is happening in the war.

Until quite recently, by a number of artful devices, the Administration had kept the spotlight off the air war by focusing it on the continuing U. S. troop withdrawals. It has adroitly avoided briefings. It has insisted that the bombings were only half as big in number of planes and tonnage as in 1968 and hence by inference the air war was tapering off, not heating up. It has steadily insisted that the air strikes were aimed at selected targets and carefully limited in time and area.

When questioned about the elaborate air bases in Thailand, one of which is perhaps the largest military complex of its kind in the world, Ambassador Leonard Unger explained to U.S. newsmen that there was not much that could be said because the Thais, our hosts, were quite sensitive about the presence of bases of such magnitude on their soil. U.S. field commanders have fallen back on the familiar line that until they know definitely about what happens to the plane crews who have been shot down or lost, they cannot be specific about the extent of the losses, etc.

But the loss in Laos of four Phantom jets on December 18 and 19 while supporting ground troops in combat, coupled with the big strikes that began December 26 against supply depots and airfields in North Vietnam, have removed any doubts that the air war has now assumed a new and even deadlier dimension.

Now the Administration is attempting to prevent a clear view of the air strikes by justifying them in terms that leave a great deal to be desired on the score of candor. The "primary emphasis," it is said, of these raids is to protect the withdrawal of U. S. troops from South Vietnam. But there is little reason to believe that the troops cannot be safely withdrawn. There has been relatively little direct action involving U.S. ground combat troops in recent weeks. Nor can much weight be given to the charge that the North Vietnamese have violated an "understanding" that was reached when the bombing was halted in 1968 and must now be punished for the breach. By "agreement" the Administration means what the Johnson administration meant: that is, it has assumed that some tacit agreement exists. And it is not credible that the North Vietnamese have struck back because they want to gain some kind of psychological-political leverage with the Chinese and/or the Russians on the eve of the President's visits to Peking and Moscow. Their present activities, including the buildup of supplies and the insistence on keeping the Ho Chi Minh Trail open despite the bombings, all indicate careful planning that must have been under way long before the President announced that he would go to Peking. A much more basic reason for the recent air strikes is that American field commanders, as George McArthur reports in the *Los Angeles Times*, were "infuriated" by the audacity of the North Vietnamese

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attacks on U. S. fighter-bomber planes. What worries them is the skillful defensive interplay of MIGs, missiles and antiaircraft guns and the daring with which the North Vietnamese have sent MIGs into the skies to attack U. S. planes. Acting on their advice, Washington is obviously trying to stave off a major military defeat, which would endanger U.S. troop withdrawals only in the sense that the President might feel that air power alone cannot shore up the Thieu regime until after the election.

This direct confrontation in the air clearly signals that a new phase of the war has been opened up. But it was clearly foreseeable. It may be most inconvenient, in terms of the President's political planning for 1972, that the new year opens with a new phase in the fighting he said he would end. But as long as the Administration insists on supporting the Thieu regime, and keeping a huge military presence in Southeast Asia, it cannot expect the North Vietnamese to stop fighting or to bargain on its terms in Paris.

Where It Hurts

President Eisenhower once said that if there must be fighting in Asia, let Asians fight Asians. Our troubles stem in large part from the fact that our Asians either don't want to fight, or have objectives more important to them than the defeat of our enemies.

In Cambodia the South Vietnamese are more feared than the Communists. When they come to the help of the Cambodian Army, which needs help all the time but gets it only by fits and starts, Thieu's Vietnamese engage in rape and murder concurrently with military action, such as it is. When the Cambodians fight on their own, they sometimes win, but not for long. They reopened an enemy-occupied section of Route 6, which leads from Phnom Penh to the northern provinces, only to lose it again shortly. This is a regular pattern in Cambodian warfare. There are some capable officers in the army, but they are discouraged by the confusion in the government and the military headquarters in the capital. Gloria Emerson cites one reason for the demoralization of the army in a story in *The New York Times* (December 23). A small but strategic bridge a few miles north of Phnom Penh was blown by the North Vietnamese. The Ministry of Public Works was charged with repairing the bridge; several Cambodian brigades have been close to running out of ammunition, but the bridge still remains unrepaired.

The Cambodian front would have collapsed entirely long ago if it were not for American air power. A high-ranking officer in Phnom Penh told Miss Emerson, "The only thing keeping us alive are the air strikes, and they cannot do everything for us." In *The Washington Post* (December 17), Peter Osnos has a similar story. "Rampant corruption and ineffectiveness among some generals and colonels are becoming intolerable to many middle-level officers and civilians," he writes.

In Laos the situation is worse, although that hardly seems possible. A Washington *Star* writer begins a report from Vientiane: "U.S. efforts in Laos are bogged down in a miasma of corruption, deceit and waste. . . ." His sources are American. "We give these people everything and what do they do? They sell the stuff to the enemy. They

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always come and ask for more. There are more ways we get taken here than I've heard of," the source continued.

As one example, the American said that $7 million worth of gasoline, oil and lubricants supplied by the United States was sold to the North Vietnamese to fuel their trucks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The Esso manager in the South Laos town of Pakse, a Chinese-Vietnamese, has been arrested, but Laos officials indicated that a high-ranking military officer may also be involved. This is only one instance. Everything American is an article of commerce as far as the Laotians are concerned. There is no remedy. "If we turn off the spigot and refuse to re-equip them," another American official complains, "they will just go home and we will be left with no soldiers. The Lao have got us where it hurts."

When a Lao unit is in an area for any length of time, the so-called troops acquire wives. If they stay long enough, children are born to the happy fathers, who naturally take home blankets, jackets and other household supplies. When the unit moves, the troops leave these articles with their temporary families and ask to be resupplied. All very understandable, but a strange way of fighting a war.

Full Disclosure

A general impression prevails, even in informed circles, that statutes requiring full disclosure of campaign expenses are essentially unenforceable. When no real effort is made to enforce them, of course, that is true. But they can be enforced. In California, significant progress has been made in that direction, perhaps because the Secretary of State, Edmund G. Brown, Jr., takes his duties seriously.

California has three statutes concerning campaign contributions; two apply to individual candidates and a third covers proposition campaigns. Legitimate campaign expenses are carefully defined, candidates are held responsible for full disclosure, and if expenditures are made by a committee on behalf of a candidate, the treasurer is held accountable. Disclosure must be timely—within thirty-five days after the election or primary, or not later than the day preceding the day upon which a successful candidate takes office, whichever is earlier.

On September 16, 1971, Brown threatened legal action against nonfiling candidates, and on October 18 he told newsmen that 118 office seekers in the 1970 election were in compliance with the law. Their contributions amounted to $434,131, previously undisclosed. The law prohibits the Secretary of State from accepting late reports without a court order. In addition, the statements put on record another $2.05 million which was previously reported but not recorded because proper court orders were lacking. At the same time Brown announced that he was filing suit against nine candidates who had failed to comply with the statutes. One of them who unsuccessfully sought election to a judgeship, had filed a statement in 1970, but after the legal deadline. On his refusal to seek the required court order, he was barred from again seeking major public office until 1981.

At a news conference, Brown said: "The reports clearly show that candidates who spent substantial amounts of money believed they could hide behind a wall of financial secrecy and evade our election laws with impunity. They now know this will no longer be allowed."

If the candidate for the judgeship had been elected, the Secretary of State would have refused to issue the certificate of election required by law and the candidate would not have been able to take office. In effect, therefore, noncompliance with the disclosure statutes can result in a forfeiture of the office. This is the kind of disclosure statute that, if properly enforced, could eliminate many of those "dirty little secrets" about campaign contributions which we mentioned in a recent editorial (December 20, 1971). What would happen if a candidate for the legislature should fail or refuse to comply with the law? Legislatures are supposed to be the sole judges of the competence of their membership. But Brown insists that to be a member of the legislature, one must first be elected and that requires a certificate from his office. Good logic supports Brown's position.

The New Tribalism

A year ago, Cora Bell of the London School of Economics commented on the "re-tribalization" of parts of the world in the post-imperial age (*New Society*, December 24, 1970). She was of course not using the word "tribe" in the precise anthropological sense. In her view the new tribalism is not necessarily based on race, language, religion or nationality. Rather it reflects an attempt to preserve a cultural identity which is felt to be threatened by the culture of the surrounding and larger tribe that constitutes the majority. Specific grievances are not the sole source of the new tribal feeling. The particular minority may actually be registering significant social, economic and political gains. Instances of the new tribalism abound: separatism in Quebec, black nationalism, the upsurge of tribal sentiments in Croatia and among Albanians in Yugoslavia, the ghastly feuding in Northern Ireland, the wide array of separatist movements in the Indian subcontinent, Biharis being harassed by Bengalis, and the renewed emphasis on ethnicity and an accompanying demand for "ethnic power" by European immigrant groups.

Romain Gary has now carried the theory of the new tribalism a step further (*The Guardian*, December 18, 1971, p. 12). "So great is the number of people in this world," he writes, "so stifling the demographic pressure, that each adolescent finding his feet in society feels himself diminished, crushed, and depersonalized under the weight of numbers. The phenomenon provides an explanation for the new 'tribalism' of groups, the individual in search of an enlargement of himself through a transfer to the 'group-individual.' Under this weight of numbers, the individual loses his sense of values, of responsibility, of possibility, of dignity. Once this happens anything goes. . . . Civilization is developing into a multitude of micro-societies springing up within the productive and distributive frameworks, where each cell, sect, clan, or fraternity attracts its members on the basis of specific but varying criteria pertaining to life-styles, taste, beliefs and customs." Subcultures such as Jesus freaks, drug users, hippies, homosexuals, and members of the John Birch Society exhibit this new tribal feeling as much as do language, religious, racial and nationality groupings.

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Whatever the causes, the recrudescence of tribal feeling will be a source of continuing trouble and danger in the 1970s. In fact Edward Heath, addressing the U.N., ventured the statement that "civic strife" was a likelier danger for the future than international war. Such a statement exaggerates the danger but it is real enough all the same. Perhaps the time has come to examine the liberationist fallacy and ponder the limitations of self-determination. In this country, challenges to majority blindness and bigotry, "consciousness raising," and widespread emphasis on "liberation" slogans of all kinds have served the purpose of putting the majority on notice that a variety of "tribes" insist on a measure of self-government and the right to be what they want to be. But the hope has always been, as Sidney Callahan writes in the *National Catholic Reporter,* that a new beginning could be made in a country where old hatreds could be past history: "(But) now that the new ethnic thing has got the WASPs on the run, it's time to drop it. . . . Let's hear a cheer for the out-of-fashion melting pot."

Grant K6-MH-21775

Every day, in a variety of small ways, our world is becoming a bit more Orwellian. When B. F. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* was published—it was of course an outstanding publishing success of the 1971 fall season—it was reviewed in most of the mass media as though the reviewers had long been waiting for someone to provide them with the ammunition that Dr. Skinner so bountifully presented. These reviewers seemed to feel that such old-fashioned notions as freedom and dignity should be downgraded the better to prepare the way for a more ordered, controlled, and in some respects authoritarian society. Regardless of the author's intentions, the book—(to borrow one of his favorite words)—"enforces" the sensed need to control and direct human behavior.

Now one learns, courtesy of Rep. Cornelius Gallagher (D., N.J.), that the National Institute of Mental Health has made grants to Dr. Skinner that total—or will total by 1974—$283,503. The first phase of the grant, from 1964 to 1969, totaled $137,296, but the grant was renewed in 1969 for $146,207, covering an additional five-year period. The grant, we are told (*Congressional Record,* December 15, 1971, P.H.-12624) made it possible for Dr. Skinner to take time off from his academic work to write *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. Specifically the grant, made under the Research Career Program, was to enable Dr. Skinner to carry out "a research project in Behaviorial Analysis of Cultural Practices." More specifically: to read, discuss, publish, lecture, and write free of academic burdens so that he might have an opportunity to consolidate his theories and ponder the "consideration of their application to the problems of society."

Dr. Skinner is, of course, our leading behavorial psychologist. His academic credentials are impeccable. And given the way Washington ladles out huge sums these days for a wide variety of improvident corporate subsidies, it is most refreshing to see that some individuals at least are able to "rip off" relatively modest funds so that they may devote their full time to scholarly research and writing. All the same there is something truly Orwellian about the notion that society should pay for research which generates theories and techniques for the manipulation and control of human beings and popularizes the assumed need for such control. Future administrations may not share even Dr. Skinner's diminished concept of the importance of the dignity and freedom of the individual. In Representative Gallagher's view, Aldous Huxley posed the underlying problem correctly when he wrote: "Who will mount guard over our guardians, who will engineer the engineers? The answer is a bland denial that they need any supervision. . . . Ph.D.s in sociology will never be corrupted by power. Like Sir Galahad's, their strength is as the strength of ten because their heart is pure; and their heart is pure because they are scientists and have taken six thousand hours of social studies."

THE PHONE COMPANY PAPERS

A PEEK AT THE BOOKS

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN
Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, is the author of Monopoly, *a critical study of AT&T (Putnam's). His forthcoming book,* The Superlawyers, *a study of Washington lawyers, will be published this spring by Weybright & Talley; and he is now working on a biography of George Meany for Atheneum.*

Washington

Two hefty government documents now circulating here are the American Telephone & Telegraph Company's equivalent of the Pentagon Papers. They reveal deceit and managerial error within America's largest corporation; one of them even alleges systematic, deliberate violation of federal civil rights statutes, and urges criminal prosecution of the officers responsible. And both raise substantial questions of law and public policy which the Federal Communications Commission must answer—or dodge—within a very few weeks as it writes the final chapter to that painful epic known as The Great Telephone Snafu of the 1960s. The Phone Company Papers are the following:

¶An exhaustively documented, 202-page brief by the FCC's Common Carrier Bureau (CCB) that blames the collapse of phone service on some basic business blunders by AT&T, that paradigm of modern management. The bureau challenges the Bell System's plea for $1 billion more of annual revenues to repair the mess it made of

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itself. "If errors are excused, forgiven or overlooked," the CCB writes, "then regulation becomes a sham and the public, instead of being protected, is forced by regulatory fiat to overpay for vital service for which it has no alternative." The bureau's position, totally unreported by the daily media, is that shareholders, not phone subscribers, should pay for AT&T's errors. "Only if the equity owner's fortunes are tied directly to the performance of management is that management induced to achieve or maintain efficiency."

¶A mountain of paper, more than 7,000 pages by one count, produced by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) to support a charge that the Bell System is guilty of "unlawful exclusion and segregation" of women, blacks and Spanish-surnamed Americans. A single sentence suffices to establish the flavor and tenor of the EEOC case: "The Bell monolith is, without doubt, the largest oppressor of women workers in the United States." What black hiring Bell has done, the EEOC charges, was not based upon humanitarianism but to exploit a pool of workers it could hire at dirt-cheap wages. The EEOC is asking the FCC to prevent AT&T from raising long-distance rates until it decides to obey the law.

Since November 1970, the FCC has been studying AT&T's request for an allowed rate of return of 9.5 per cent. The FCC set the limit at 7 to 7.5 per cent in 1967; two years later it held that earnings of 8 to 8.5 per cent were "not unreasonable." In the current case, hearing examiner David I. Kraushaar recommended on August 30 a return range of 7.9 to 8.8 per cent. The full commission has yet to act, and Bernard Strassburg, chief of the CCB, told me recently it wouldn't move until the wage-price freeze situation jells. The FCC's decision could cost the public a great deal of money, because each .1 per cent of increase in Bell's allowable return means that $60 million more will be drawn from phone subscribers' pockets.

Rate hearings are easily the murkiest game in town. They do not concern themselves with the price of phone service to an individual subscriber but with the loftier problems of Wall Street and the bond market. When AT&T comes in for more money, its officials talk of the need to make its stocks and bonds "attractive to investors," so that it can raise cash for new facilities. AT&T soaks up money at a fantastic rate—more than $7.5 billion for construction in 1971, $4 billion of it from external sources. Normally, AT&T would obtain this money through equity (stock sales) or debt (bonds). Under present circumstances, however, it claims that neither route is feasible.

Because AT&T stock is now selling near book value, AT&T says that more cannot be issued "without unfairly injuring existing stockholders." Because 45 per cent of its capital structure is now debt, AT&T hesitates to sell more bonds (although other utilities are comfortable with a debt of 70 per cent). Hence, says AT&T, the expansion capital must come from customers. It wants permission from the FCC to increase earnings to a level "which properly compensates present shareholders and, in addition, results in a sufficient elevation of the market price to permit the successful sale of new equity needed to finance the construction of facilities required to provide high-grade service to the public." AT&T has a book value of $45 and sells for around $40. J. D. deButts, the vice chairman of the AT&T board, and the man detailed by the company to recruit the federal government's aid in this blue-chip, boiler-room operation, told the FCC that Bell wants to pump its stock up to $99.

The Common Carrier Bureau, through an energetic task force headed by attorney Asher Ende, demurs. AT&T stocks and bonds are unattractive, it maintains, because of bad decisions made in the secrecy of the AT&T board room during the 1960s and earlier. CCB findings, pieced together from AT&T corporate records and hearing testimony, add confirming detail to trends long obvious to close watchers of phone matters. [See Goulden: "The Indiscretions of Ma Bell," *The Nation*, October 6, 1969; and "Guided Tour of the Balance Sheet" by Frances Cerra, *The Nation,* May 3, 1971.] The CCB brief is a masterpiece of regulatory ingenuity. It is complicated, and must be taken up point by point:

(*1*) From 1949 to 1965, AT&T raised about $20 billion in capital for expansion, $16 billion of it as equity. AT&T could have borrowed money during those years at interest rates ranging from 2.7 to 5.2 per cent. Instead, it chose to promote stock sales, and paid a return on equity of 7.2 to 10 per cent. The difference in cost is greater than the raw figures suggest. AT&T must allow for corporate taxes before doling out dividends; hence a return of 9 per cent on equity requires 17.2¢ per dollar of revenue. A dollar *borrowed* at 5 per cent costs just that—a nickel. And the nickel is deductible from income tax.

(*2*) Stockholders love AT&T because it hasn't missed (or reduced) a dividend since its incorporation in 1900 (it kept the record intact during the depression by firing 185,000 people, 40 per cent of its work force). AT&T corporate policy is to pay out 60 per cent of earnings in dividends. But the swift rise of interest rates, beginning in the mid-1960s, meant more internal expense for AT&T and hence the prospect of lower dividends—unless money could be saved elsewhere. How might this be done?

(*3*) It was done by, among other things, skimping on service improvements and cutting plant expansion to the bone. In 1961 AT&T spent 16.7 per cent of its total construction budget for plant improvement. During the period 1966 to 1968, which as the CCB notes "preceded the serious service period," it spent less than 10 per cent. In what the CCB calls a "deliberate policy formulated by the parent company," Bell's twenty subsidiary companies were told to slow down installations of new equipment. Earlier, company policy had been to keep the *installed* capacity of its plants about 11.8 months ahead of actual demand, thus providing a cushion for unpredictable surges in usage. AT&T cut the margin by 40 per cent. "This policy was communicated to the operating companies, which followed it," the CCB says.

Concurrently, the CCB found, Bell management "was constantly and substantially in error in estimating its construction program." The company did not peg construction to increases in volume. A revenue growth of 10.2 per cent in 1965 "was followed by an increase of only 2.6 per cent in the 1967 construction period." On January 1, 1968, Bell estimated that its construction

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expenditures would be $5.404 billion in 1970; it actually spent $7.159 billion that year—an error of $1.755 billion, or 25 per cent, which puts AT&T right up with the Pentagon as a budget planner. The faulty estimates had been massive also in earlier years. "One would think," the CCB mused, "that with careful, efficient planning, there would not be a record in these years of constant and very substantial underestimation"—especially since many of the items involved required substantial lead time. "One must question the care and attention . . . management gives this most important facet of AT&T activities if it tolerates such continuing and massive margins of error. After all, the virtue of experience is that it teaches us how to avoid past mistakes, not how to repeat them."

(*4*) The public became aware that something was wrong within Bell when service collapsed in 1968. By AT&T's own criteria, the so-called "weak spot measure," a twenty-city survey showed service almost twice as bad in 1970 as it had been in 1967. "If management claims credit for excellent service," the CCB notes, "it must assume responsibility for service failure." Bell has blamed the collapse on unforeseen growth in traffic, both local and long distance, an excuse most citizens accepted in good faith. The CCB did not. Interstate traffic increased 13.5 per cent in 1965, while in 1969, the year of "unexpected growth," the increase was 13.2 per cent. The increase in new installations (a measure of local service) was almost identical. "Clearly, if a growth rate of 13.5 per cent could be foreseen and handled without serious service impairment," the CCB says, "a company which plans carefully . . . should be able to handle a growth of 13.2 per cent without major difficulty."

(*5*) Bell management panicked. Fearing mob action from its customers and regulatory reprisals (attacking Bell became a safe political sport after 1968), AT&T commenced a crash construction program in 1969-70 which, the CCB notes, was "at the height of the inflationary period, when interest rates reached the highest levels in this century."

At this point, the individual phone subscriber comes into the picture. AT&T financed the construction by borrowing. Each $1 billion borrowed at the current inflated rates, the CCB computes, costs consumers an unnecessary $270 million a year in higher interest and in inflation. And that is what the current AT&T rate hearings—at the FCC, for interstate rates; at the state regulatory commissions, for local and intrastate service—are all about.

So what should be done about AT&T's errors? The CCB is advancing a novel thesis: that the FCC is duty bound "to assure that regulation functions in such a fashion as to approximate the effects which free competition would have on the Bell System companies, if such competition were feasible. . . . In both raising capital and building plant, inefficiency and waste should have the same result in the regulatory climate that it would have in the marketplace, i.e., *either a loss of market or smaller profits* [emphasis added]. . . . If . . . serious management errors in judgment . . . are to be ignored, or even rewarded by a grant of what is requested, then what incentives are there for future efficiency?" the CCB asks.

"In a truly competitive situation the market would not forgive even the best intentioned error. Profits would fall until by hard work, diligence and superior efficiency the effects of past error are overcome and the firm actually becomes fully competitive. The same basic philosophy should be applicable to a regulated industry, with the commission acting as the proxy or alter ego of the marketplace. . . . Certainly some spur must be given to management to improve efficiency."

The 3 million-odd individuals and institutions that own AT&T stock could also find disquieting data in the CCB brief. According to CCB calculations, each $1 billion spent on construction in 1970-71, rather than in 1966-68, when it should have been done, costs "from eight cents to ten cents per share in earnings, which would have accrued to shareholders, plus whatever effect such higher earnings have had on the price of the stock."

Speaking with the candor corporate executives reserve for private meetings—in this instance, the assembled presidents of the Bell System companies—AT&T vice president Walter Straley in October 1969, discussed the cold-cash reasons for the upsurge in hiring black women as telephone operators. Straley said it was

> perfectly plain that we need nonwhite employees. Not because we are good citizens. Or because it is the law as a national goal to give employment. We need them

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because we have so many jobs to fill and they will take them.

The phone company, Straley declared, needed a steady supply of persons "available for work paying as little as $4,000 to $5,000 a year." Two of the three persons willing to work at that measly wage are black, he continued, so "it is therefore just a plain fact that in today's world, *telephone company wages are more in line with black expectations*—and the tighter the labor market the more this is true. . . . There are not enough white, middle-class success-oriented men and women in the labor force—or at least that portion of the labor force available to the telephone companies—to supply our requirements for craft and occupation people." Hence the increased black hiring.

The hiring and personnel practices of the Bell System companies are important because, collectively, they are the nation's largest private employer, with 732,450 persons on the payroll at the end of 1970—more than half of them female, more than half of them in urban and surrounding areas. The findings of the EEOC, submitted to the FCC in early December, are disheartening, be the employee female, black or Chicano. The EEOC study was based on the nation's thirty largest Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas (SMSA).

Women. A Bell predecessor company hired Emma Nutt as its first female operator in September 1878 and thereafter Bell was a haven for women workers—a reason being that "girls would work for a third of the going $30-a-week salary for a male secretary." Almost 100 years later, the EEOC charges, Bell continues to exploit women. Bell segregates women in low-paying jobs offering scant opportunity for advancement: 80 per cent of them earn less than $7,000 (compared with 4 per cent of the males); only 3 per cent of them earn $13,000 or more (34 per cent of the males). The average male wage for "entry level jobs" is $8,613; for women, $6,114. Women who do wheedle promotion to "management" are frozen at lower levels—where they supervise other women. Working conditions are wretched in the "nunneries," which is what operators call their areas; split and irregular shifts are common. The Southwestern Research Institute, a Dallas think tank, did a study of operators for Southwestern Bell in 1970 and concluded:

> [Operators are quick to describe] the noxious demands of work that is too highly structured, their loss of personal identity, their lack of freedom to rely on their own judgment, their difficulty in becoming part of a cohesive social group, and the absence of any reasonable hope for future advancement. . . . *They are necessary parts of a system designed by geniuses for execution by idiots* [emphasis added].

Blacks. If one didn't go beyond raw numbers (which is what Bell prefers), AT&T would appear to have made vast strides in black employment. In 1950 blacks represented only 1.3 per cent of all telephone employees; in 1960, 2.5 per cent; in 1970, 9.0 per cent, which approaches the percentage of blacks in the general population.

But the EEOC found flaws in this picture of "advancement." Most of the black hiring has been in five SMSAs with heavy black populations: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles (although in only one of these SMSAs, New York, did Bell employ blacks at a rate higher than the all-industry average for that SMSA). Discrimination continues in the South: Bell companies in Dixie employ black workers at about 20 per cent of the level of the black population. In the North and East, blacks are kept in low-paying jobs. Only 4.4 per cent of New York Telephone's blacks are in management, compared with 27.2 per cent of the whites. In the thirty SMSAs, 78.7 per cent of blacks are in jobs paying $7,000 or less (39.5 per cent of the whites); 5.6 per cent of the blacks earn more than $10,000 (28.2 per cent of the whites). In short, Bell manages to keep its payrolls down by employing blacks at wages the whites will not accept.

The psychic and moral costs of discrimination—both racial and sexual—are impossible to compute. There is a dollar measurement, however. According to a 1969 AT&T internal report, turnover among operators with less than six months' experience increased from 80 per cent in 1964 to 120 per cent in 1968; in some districts, turnover among short-term operators has reached an incredible 200 per cent. Bell projects that its work force will increase by 280,000 persons during the next decade. But due to what the EEOC rightly calls "the fantastic turnover" the companies will have to hire more than 2.5 million persons, about half of whom will be operators.

To recruit, screen and train so many persons will cost $3 billion—an expense to be borne, of course, by phone subscribers. AT&T vice president Straley estimates that a mere 1 per cent reduction in operator turnover would save Bell $2 million a year; a 1 per cent reduction in turnover of craft workers, $3 million. (The increase in operator efficiency, and resultant benefits to phone users, are not calculated.) Because the turnover is directly related to Bell's discriminatory treatment of women and blacks, the American phone user is paying the price of Bell's behavior.

In its petition to the FCC, the EEOC charges that AT&T is violating the equal-employment title of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, as well as fair-employment practice acts of "approximately thirty states and the District of Columbia." It asks for a variety of reliefs. It wants the FCC to appoint an investigatory board (at AT&T's expense) to identify persons damaged by discriminatory employment practices, and give them whatever back pay and promotions are warranted. It asks that the FCC "request a United States attorney to prosecute those Bell System officials responsible for the violations" of federal civil rights statutes. It asks a freeze on hiring of Anglo males until women, blacks and Chicanos are given an opportunity to fill vacancies. It asks for affirmative hiring programs. And it asks that Bell forget about that $1 billion rate increase until it is in compliance with the law of the land.

The EEOC petition (the handiwork of a task force headed by attorney David Copus) faces an uncertain future. The FCC agreed to hold a public hearing on it on January 31, 1972, the first time a federal regulatory agency has held a public session to consider the equal-employment record of a regulated company. Bell is countering

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with a barrage of numbers; it claims, for instance, that minority group employees have increased 265 per cent since 1963, while total employment has climbed only 38 per cent. It charges that much of the EEOC case is "ancient history, long since mooted by changes we've already made," in the words of Robert D. Lilley, an AT&T executive vice president.

The discrimination charges, if validated, could have an effect on phone rates. The EEOC computes that discrimination against women alone—in the form of lower wages and bars against craft jobs—costs women "$950 million annually." The EEOC feels—but does not attempt to prove—that increased efficiency, and a drop in the turnover rate, would more than offset any increased wages.

Thus the questions before the seven-member Communications Commission: is AT&T indeed ill-managed and discriminatory; if so, what should be done about it? AT&T shareholders have left control of their company entirely to management since its founding, because management delivered profits. FCC control is even less. On December 23, after hemming and hawing for six years, the commission canceled an announced investigation of the fairness of prices and profits of Western Electric Co., AT&T's wholly owned supply subsidiary; and of the amounts Bell claims as investment and operating expenses. The commission pleaded a lack of "sufficient resources" for even the staff work preparatory to hearings (although, oddly, it never asked Congress for money for this probe, which was first announced in 1965). Were dividends to be diminished because of the claimed managerial errors, AT&T could suddenly find itself confronted with a rather old-fashioned form of "corporate responsibility"—that is, a stockholder revolt. AT&T seldom listens to its customers or to government; shareholders have the sort of power that Bell management could ignore only at its own peril. □

Hamtramck: Waiting for Pilsudski

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith is on the staff of CBS News.

From behind a desk stacked high with accounts payable, Mayor Raymond J. Wojtowicz tells a visitor, "Hamtramck is one fine place to live!" Civic pride—the city is full of it. The businessmen who get together in Irving's Fine Food Restaurant on Yemens Street talk of the *money* in the banks, and of the *remarkable* tax roll that would make many another city green with envy (53 per cent of the tax base paid for by such industrial giants as the Chrysler Corporation, General Motors, and the Olsenite Corporation (world's largest manufacturer of toilet seats).

The talk of the town is punctuated, underlined, emphasized with local patriotism. Yet the visitor sees garbage-strewn sidewalks, empty lots, shuttered stores and dilapidated buildings; he passes a debris-littered wasteland on the city's main thoroughfare, Joseph Campau Avenue, and learns that it is the site of Hamtramck's abandoned civic center; he enters Louie's Coney Island luncheonette to have a cup of coffee with the City Controller, only to be told in a whisper that Louie is suing the city for $1,250—the cost of sandwiches for police headquarters; he visits the Mayor's office and discovers it is housed in an abandoned hospital; a home-made sign over the portico says "City Hall." Walking up the spattered steps, he finds a "Not Working" notice on the entrance door.

Hamtramck, a smoke-smudged, blue-collar, predominantly Polish city of 26,000 surrounded by Detroit, is flat broke. With yearly revenues of only $4.7 million, and an excruciating debt of $32 million, the city is insolvent and in court-ordered receivership. Not long ago, James Marling, deputy treasurer of Michigan, told the *Hamtramck Citizen,* "I have never seen a city in the state of Michigan in such a mess as Hamtramck." Marlin added, "The city can't even buy a pencil without state approval."

Plenty of American cities are in financial trouble, but it is rare to find a local government in the incredible mess Hamtramck now finds itself. Local taxes are already as high as Michigan law allows. Hamtramck spends more on itself, per capita, than does any other city in the United States. Its funded obligations are the highest per capita in the state, and its unfunded obligations add up to more than $1,000 of debt for every man, woman and child within city limits. On the Mayor's desk is a list of creditors that fills 14 legal-sized pages, and includes Detroit Edison (owed $123,247.23) and Michigan Bell Telephone ($30,569.36), not to mention some 400 other bills ranging from the AAA Envelope Company ($207.30) to the Xerox Corporation ($3,395.58).

The local Dodge dealer is threatening to repossess three police cruisers unless the city comes up soon with $10,000, and there will be no salt for the Sanitation Department's salt spreaders this winter unless something is done about $39,736 owed to the International Salt Co. But the city's biggest debt is an incredible *$28 million*—all of it unfunded—owed to the Police and Firemen's Pension Fund. The pension program, the most generous in the state, if not the nation, was passed in the salad days of the 1960s. According to the new City Controller, there are retired policemen and firemen who collect more in pension benefits than they earned at the time of retirement, thanks to a clause which maintains benefits at current salary levels. A particularly nice gesture—which cost the taxpayers millions of dollars—was the custom of promoting uniformed officers to a higher rank immediately before retirement. "It was not uncommon," says Mayor Wojtowicz, "to read in our local paper that a captain had been promoted to inspector. The next paragraph would add that he had applied for early retirement."

Part of the answer to what went wrong is provided by

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the hard-working, reform-minded Mayor who took office eighteen months ago: "I knew things were bad when I was elected. When we got into City Hall we found there were two sets of tax records—one set was missing. There was gross favoritism in the assessment rolls. More than 60 per cent of our businesses failed to file personal property affidavits. Everybody was taking out, nobody was thinking of the future. We had thirty or forty separate boards or commissions. It seemed that everyone had a friend on one of them. This town almost died from people doing friendly favors for each other."

A Democratic town since the 1930s, there is really no "Left" or "Right" in Hamtramck's municipal elections. What has counted up to now has been that politicians have known "how to take care of their own." The city's 2 square miles contains more than 100 clubs, business groups and fraternal organizations. Lions, Elks, Kiwanis, Optimists, Soroptimists, Rotary are popular sounding boards for local politicians, as are such ethnic organizations as the Ukrainian Democratic Club, the Polish Century, and the Polish National Alliance. Drinking their Stroh's beer over kolbassy and pumpernickel sandwiches in Irving's (a kind of unofficial club for the town's movers and shakers) the general attitude of the leading citizens to the city's problems seems to be "so what?" The way that previous administrations have squandered funds is viewed with a certain moral lethargy.

"The real point," argued one businessman, who admitted that his brother and two sisters were on the city payroll, "is that City Hall always provided jobs until now." Beyond agitation for restoration of city jobs—many of them cut from the current budget by order of Michigan State auditors—there is considerable local dissatisfaction over the decline of city services. In the years when the city was plunging wildly into debt, Hamtramck had the snappiest Fire Department in Wayne County (all new equipment), the best garbage pickup in the state, operated at costs far in excess of comparable units, and the most expensive (for the city's size) police force in America. By the end of the 1960s there was scarcely a Hamtramck family without a relative or friend on the city's generous payroll.

Wyandotte, a neighboring town with a population twice that of Hamtramck, employed 237 city workers; Hamtramck had nearly 400 employees by 1970.

Not surprisingly, the biggest voting bloc in the city has come to be that of city employees and their families. In April 1970, Raymond J. Wojtowicz, a Pratt and Whitney technician and president of the local Taxpayers Association, won the mayoralty on the slogan: "Where Did the Money Go?" The short answer, of course, was to the city employees. In the 1960s, in addition to pension benefits, the pork barrel included an amendment to the city employees' hospitalization plan that provided free drug prescriptions; paid-up life insurance for retired employees, bought entirely by the city, and an annual clothing allowance of $100 to every city worker. "Can you imagine Chrysler giving a hundred bucks a year to its stenographers to buy mini-skirts?" asks a despairing Mayor Wojtowicz.

The past generosity has put a tremendous strain on the city's current operating budget, almost half of which now goes to servicing pension costs. One result has been a severe curtailment of normal municipal services. In the current budget, for instance, maintenance has been cut seriously, supplies have been severely restricted, and according to the City Controller, "there isn't a dime" for welfare programs to serve the sizable minority of the poor and the black.

"I hate to say this," says Gordie Wilczynski, the hustling young editor of the *Hamtramck Citizen*, "but City Hall has been run like a bad Polish joke. Nobody knew a thing about accounting and yet they were dealing in hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"In the past," continued Wilczynski, "quite a bit was done on the basis of a handshake. When somebody wanted a hundred bucks from the city treasury, they just took it out and threw an IOU in the box." A silent monument to Hamtramck's on-the-cuff living style is the abandoned Civic Center project. Originally the brain wave of the Chamber of Commerce and City Hall, it was designed to be part of Hamtramck's urban renewal program. "Like every other city in the late 1950s," says Mayor Wojtowicz, "we got the urban renewal bug." Casting around for a suitable project, the planners came up with the idea of a multimillion-dollar civic center—even though Hamtramck already had a civic center. After the decision was made, bankers, builders and architects began to swarm around City Hall. "It was a great big hoax," says Mayor Wojtowicz. "Nobody stopped to figure out how much this was going to cost our taxpayers. Up to a year ago, the program was nothing but political patronage. Let me give you an example: there was $400,000 in the budget just for administration costs. This was supposed to be spent over a four-year period. In less than eighteen months they blew over $415,000."

At the heart of the scheme was, of course, a bond issue. According to the Mayor's pencil stub reckoning, the city would have received $5.2 million from the bankers. Then, under a lease-back arrangement, the city would have paid an annual rental of $391,000 for thirty years. The sum was supposed to come out of the city's already overburdened general fund. "What made it all so Alice-in-Wonderland," recalls Wojtowicz, "is that the city paid no rent at all for facilities used for comparable purposes."

To make room for the civic center, the city bulldozed a 40-acre tract in the heart of the business district. In the process, they removed some 300 families in a predominantly black neighborhood. Angered by not being consulted in the original planning and by being uprooted from their neighborhood, the blacks went to federal court to restrain the city from further urban renewal activity. The courts decided in their favor. As one resident remarked, "the neighborhood's not worth a damn now, you can't even grow mushrooms on the land."

It would be heartening to report that since Mayor Wojtowicz's election, the "buy now, pay later" binge was over; that the Common Council had ceased to bicker among themselves and had united behind the Mayor's office; that state officials were working harmoniously with

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city officials to straighten out Hamtramck's bizarre fiscal mess; that the aroused taxpayers felt a new confidence in their elected officials, and that Hamtramck was recovering from its final spree. To be sure, the city recently managed to produce—on paper at any rate—a balanced budget; it was the first such budget in living memory. Insiders, however, point out that this was solely because a Michigan judge threatened to put all five members of the Common Council in jail unless the books were balanced for 1971-72.

Meanwhile, the city's business is bogged down in a running feud over what has become known as "the garbage question." Ranged on one side of the struggle is the Mayor and his appointee, Department of Public Works superintendent, Frank J. Lenartowicz. On the opposite side is the majority of the Common Council and "Cookie" Mankowski, the DPW union's volatile president. The union and the Common Council are threatening to take Lenartowicz to court, because, a brusque, no-nonsense fellow, he has decided that it would save the city a lot of money if he contracted garbage removal from the city dump to a landfill area with a private company. "This man [Mankowski] has to fight me," says Lenartowicz, "because he's beginning to lose the respect of his men as well as lose his personal power. Never in his history as union president has he ever challenged anyone in the past on wrongdoing. He just kept his mouth shut and his eyes closed." Meanwhile, the Common Council has reprimanded the Mayor for expending money without the council's permission. Mayor Wojtowicz puts it down to "a question of whose friends get the benefits."

Over at Kowalski's sausage shop on Joseph Campau Avenue, an old woman who was buying a pound of boiled ham was asked how satisfied she was with the way the city was being run. She looked at the stranger for a moment, then responded: "There's nothing wrong with *Ham-tram-ack*! We have to get rid of that clique in City Hall and find a strong man—a *dziadek* (grandfather)—someone like *Pilsudski*!"

Short of bringing the late dictator of Poland back to life, no sudden revival is in sight for Hamtramck, and the city may find itself confronted with even bigger headaches in the months ahead. For example, a matter of $1.4 million in interest payments is due on the still unfunded $28 million Police and Firemen's pension fund. And the courts have ordered the city to pay $530,000 out of its current budget to a group of creditors. This successful court action has prompted a number of other litigants—among them several city employee unions—to sue for still disputed claims, including interest on frozen overtime payments. Prompted by state officials, the city has reluctantly raised tax assessments so that they are now in line with those of neighboring Detroit. But Hamtramck is a long way from solvency; more than 50 per cent of its current revenues are going to meet pension costs. "The next six months are going to bring a lot of changes, and the Mayor is full of new ideas. There's going to be a lot of surprises," says *Citizen* editor Gordie Wilczynski. But a source close to Michigan's Finance Commission warns that, unless the Mayor and the Common Council stop bickering and find some new sources of income, "we may have to shut the city down."

If this kind of talk bothers Mayor Wojtowicz, he doesn't show it. Alone in his uncarpeted office, answering his own telephone since the Common Council took away his executive assistant, he leans across a heap of accounts payable and pins an "I Love Hamtramck" button on the visitor's lapel. □

LOCAL JOURNALISM REVIEWS

NEW VOICES OF NEWSMEN

DON ROSE
Mr. Rose is co-publisher of Hyde Park-Kenwood Voices, *a monthly newspaper in Chicago.*

Chicago

For many, the Democratic National Convention held here in 1968 was a political debacle that promised to foster a host of new institutions of reform, if not revolution. By and large, the promises were unfulfilled. A major exception is a movement that began as a local Chicago project in the convention's furious wake, then spread to several points on the East Coast and as far west as Hawaii: the local review of journalism, written and edited by working journalists.

The reviews focus—often vindictively—on various failings of their city's media, frequently with insider tidbits and gripes, in more immediately relevant terms than are attempted by such critical periodicals as *Columbia Journalism Review* and Sigma Delta Chi's *Quill*.

The two-faced press coverage of convention brutality angered Chicago news people, who not only covered but often suffered from the police action. For a few days—or a few editions—local papers told Chicago the same story that could be seen on television or read elsewhere in the press. But rapid retrenchment set in and history was rewritten daily, to the point where Mayor Richard J. Daley's "official" version of convention events was published in full as a supplement to the major newspapers. What irritated the working press even more was its sense that top-media management did not adequately support reporters and photographers who had been victimized by police or city officialdom.

Instead of dissipating itself in the usual barroom bitch sessions, the journalists' anger was given direction by several young reporters who proposed a citywide journalists' association that would cross all media and union lines. The new organization would act as an advocate for the working journalist, keep the bosses on a straighter

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news path, and let colleagues and public know through a newsletter what was really going on in the editorial rooms and the news desks of Chicago.

The Association of the Working Press died after a few meetings, but its offspring lives on as the *Chicago Journalism Review,* a tough-minded, abrasive, sometimes brilliant but uneven three-year-old (this past October) that may not have wrought a revolution but has made a clear imprint on the journalistic life of this hotly competitive news city which supports five daily newspapers and seven commercial television stations. Further, it inspired similar efforts across the nation, some of which now give promise of cutting as deeply into their own journalistic communities:

¶In New York some of the stars of national journalism contribute to (*More*), a tabloid launched last summer, that seems bent on grappling with the entire periodical publishing industry.

¶In St. Louis, the reactionary *Globe Democrat* and the slipping *Post-Dispatch* are the major targets of another new tabloid, the *St. Louis Journalism Review.*

¶*The Philadelphia Journalism Review, Hawaii Journalism Review, Review of Southern California Journalism* and a Colorado review called *The Unsatisfied Man* seem well on their way to professional—if shaky—survival in the *Nation*-size format of the original *CJR*. Perhaps another dozen attempts have been made to publish local reviews. Some failed quickly; others are still struggling. With the possible exception of (*More*), which takes advertising, publishes pieces of general interest, and could catch on to become required reading for the New York literary-political set, the local journalism review must exist largely as a labor of love.

The youthful progenitor in Chicago, for instance, is some $12,000 in debt. With a paid staff of four, its annual operating budget is $40,000, of which approximately one-third is derived from donations and grants, the remainder from subscriptions and newsstand sales of its near 10,000 monthly circulation. The paper does not pay its writers for articles.

Survival of these reviews depends on two factors: economics, obviously, but also the extent to which their watchdog role remains important. It is possible, points out Ron Dorfman, *CJR* editor-on-leave, that the publications could achieve a substantial part of their reformist goals and become unnecessary—or the objects of their criticism might prove so unmovable that the workers give up in frustration. One thing is clear, however, from the Chicago experience: their presence, once simply an irritant to top management, is becoming accepted as a fact of publishing life, and all parties are learning to live with one another.

While none of the top editors of the city's four metropolitan dailies will say that he has been influenced directly by *CJR*, none are inclined any longer to dismiss it or attack it. "There is no way to gauge its influence," says James Hoge, youthful editor of Field's morning *Sun-Times*. "But most of us read it regularly and you can't read it without being affected by it." He believes its influence, however, is diffuse and not identifiable.

Clayton Kirkpatrick, whose efforts to make a livelier and more objective newspaper out of the conservative *Tribune* were praised in a major *CJR* story, considers the review "a useful publication," but says, "I don't think the *Tribune* has been influenced to change its practices by it." Kirkpatrick believes *CJR* "has gotten better as it has grown older. . . . It stimulates an interest in professional qualities."

Similarly, *Daily News* editor Daryle Feldmeier says, "It's a good thing to have *CJR* around, but I haven't changed the way I've edited because of it." Becoming more critical, Feldmeier said *CJR* often disappointed him. "On occasion they leave their field of honest criticism and go into picayune carping. They lose their validity."

Maxwell McCrohon, managing editor of *Chicago Today,* shares the view: "I welcomed the idea when *CJR* came out, but I feel they lost their way and turned into a gossip sheet. They become too involved in the internal workings of the press." As a result, McCrohon said, "*CJR* has had less of an impact than it ought to have had in terms of direct results."

Jesse Bogue, a thirty-five-year veteran of United Press International who heads that wire service's central division, views *CJR*'s impact another way: "I notice its influence among the younger people on our staff. They read it with interest and believe it. It's also been responsible for stimulating self-criticism at the Headline Club. Most of the level heads think it's had a good effect. It makes editors take a closer look at what they're putting out."

Although it has been a staunch advocate of increasing the quality and quantity of coverage of Chicago's black and minority communities, *CJR* has had little apparent effect on the black press, according to David Potter, assistant managing editor of *The Defender,* the nation's only black daily. "The frustrations shared by downtown reporters aren't felt here," Potter says. "Our reporters' stories are not cut or meanings altered without discussion. Reporters are often called in to discuss headlines and editorial ideas—and we would be first to print many of the stories the downtown press won't handle. Our people have a piece of the action."

Potter thinks coverage of the black community in Chicago has improved with the addition of black reporters to downtown staffs and recognition of the expanding city market. "*CJR* has been a part of the overall improvement," he said, "but it's not the major factor."

CJR, whose editorial board includes reporters from the four metropolitan dailies as well as national magazines, has published sharp, sometimes bitter critiques of all the newspapers. The response from most top editors is generally temperate. Kirkpatrick says, "They [*CJR*] often make subjective judgments about why a paper failed to publish a piece, reaching conclusions without adequate knowledge of the facts." Other editors criticize "sloppiness" or "careless" reporting by *CJR* writers, but do not go into detail. Bogue said, however, that of the two or three times *CJR* seriously criticized his bureau's work, "not once did they check with us for facts." There are cases, he pointed out, when local newspapers edited UPI dispatches in such a way as to bring on the *CJR* criticism.

The point on which all management personnel agrees —in sharp opposition to review advocates—is that

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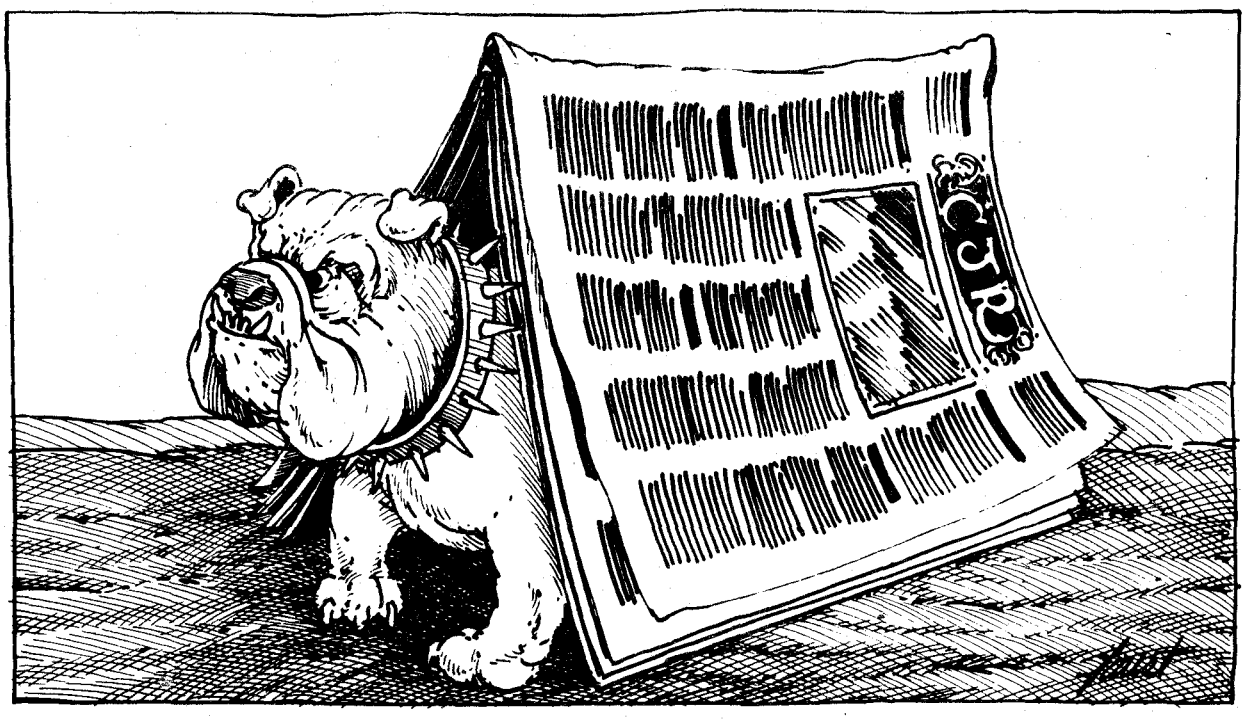

reporters should not publicly air their grievances or discuss internal affairs in the pages of *CJR*. They unanimously echo Feldmeier's view that a reporter "ought to air gripes and bitches with his own organization."

Each says the doors of management are open for grievances of all kinds. Most will concede there may be times when it is legitimate to bring a case to a public forum, but consider them to be few and far between. The issue caused at least one serious overreaction by Field management a year ago. To *CJR* loyalists, the question is one of conscience rather than organizational loyalty. The fact that a reporter can "go to the public" is also an excellent if unspoken weapon in city-room battles.

CJR's editors and reporters on the dailies naturally see the *Review* as having a major influence on the local press. Dan Rottenberg, *CJR*'s managing editor, calls it an "atmospheric impact. We've changed the basic relationship between editors and reporters." Rottenberg, a former *Wall Street Journal* staffer and editor of a small daily in Portland, Ind., said the *Review* has also created "a new spirit of cooperation among reporters from the different papers."

Dorfman, one of *CJR*'s founders, formerly a reporter for *Chicago Today,* and once editor of a labor newspaper, said *CJR* "focused the previously diffused hostilities of working stiffs for management into more rational channels."

At the beginning, hopes were raised that *CJR* would break a host of stories too hot for the regular newspapers to publish. With a few exceptions, these have not materialized. Christopher Chandler wrote a story for the *Sun-Times,* exposing the questionable city land dealings of Charles Swibel, Chicago's public housing chief and close friend of both Mayor Daley and the Field brass. While not a model of investigative reporting, the story was basically valid and could have been made watertight. Instead, it was killed, presumably because of personal and political sensitivities.

Chandler quit his job, published the story in *CJR,* and to his satisfaction saw a similar investigation published in *Chicago Today.* Mike Royko, author of the Daley biography, *Boss,* also published a column on the same subject in Field's *Daily News,* virtually daring the executives to interfere. They did not.

Another *Daily News* reporter, Diane Monk, wrote a long article on a consumer movement concerned with the then secret food-dating codes used in the industry. The story was killed at the *Daily News* but put into *CJR* in a special issue on supermarket consumerism. The Monk article and *CJR* issue became source material for the consumer movement as well as in classrooms. Partly in response to the pressure, the supermarkets made the codes public.

CJR's greatest strength may lie in such special issues, where a team of reporters produces definitive documents on subjects ignored or intentionally shunned by the daily press. The *Review* devoted several issues to the question of political surveillance by the Chicago police, focusing particularly on cooperation between some members of the press and various intelligence units—and on spies who use journalistic covers.

One of its earliest issues carried a detailed exposé on the top-secret police intelligence unit—the Red Squad—complete with excerpts from some of the squad's more ludicrous memoranda. Either the issue of civil liberties or the Keystone Cops absurdity of the unit should have whetted a number of editorial appetites on the major media, but they all still shy away. Even those who do not cooperate with the Red Squad do not go out of their way to antagonize or embarrass the Police Department.

CJR has been superb in dealing with events emanating from the brutal slaying of Black Panther leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in a predawn raid by the special police of Cook County State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan.

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The December 4, 1969 killing shocked the nation and shook Chicago from the political underground to the heights of the Establishment. Official efforts were made to hoodwink the press and dismiss the case quickly as a "shoot-out" instigated by the Panthers.

Good investigative work by the media saved the matter from being buried, but there was still a struggle to undertake the investigations and to publish them. One of the efforts that helped expose the truth was a brilliant special issue of *CJR*. While much of the information in the issue was overtaken by events as the press got wise, *CJR*'s presence was an evident factor in bringing the facts to public light.

Subsequent actions in the unusual case of Hanrahan and the killings received splendid coverage in *CJR*—particularly on sensitive issues such as judicial impropriety, efforts to sabotage a grand jury and recent moves to quash an indictment of Hanrahan, one of the key cogs in the Daley machine. [See "A Grand Jury on Trial: Mayor Daley's Way with Justice" by Jon R. Waltz, *The Nation*, November 8, 1971.] Dorfman is now at work on a book about the entire episode.

On a smaller, less dramatic scale, *CJR* published first-rate issues on cable TV, the role of women in the media, and Chicago's youth gangs—all of which are still basic source material for journalists. On the other hand, it has published much petty complaining that might better have been left to an after-hours drinking session. It has probably been most disappointing when it attempted full-scale, analytical profiles of the city's media.

Long stories on the *Daily News, Tribune* and *Chicago Today* seemed distorted by an awareness of the shock value of praising the *Tribune*, traditional bad guy of Chicago's liberal community, and damning the *Daily News*, traditional good guy that publishes Royko five days a week. The articles—which were lively but shaped to fit a precast attitude—might have read better as sidebars had *CJR* decided to devote a full issue to each newspaper.

A cover story on Bailey K. Howard, recently resigned president of Field's *Sun-Times* and *Daily News*, should have been a solid piece of investigative journalism, designed to nail down or dismiss widespread rumors about the propriety of Howard's financial dealings. Instead, the piece concentrated on Howard's personal mannerisms, hucksterism and gaucheries, and gave a rehash of previously published data on his holdings that simply sustained the rumors.

A serious issue, apart from the quality of journalism in Chicago, has been raised by the publication: reporter power, or employee control of the media. Following the lead of some European publications, a small but strong movement is attempting to turn editorial control over to the workers. *CJR*, under Dorfman's guidance, stimulated the discussion and, until the arrival of Rottenberg in mid-1970, it was a major advocate. Rottenberg, however, is basically opposed to the notion and published a cautionary letter in *CJR* that has been reprinted in other professional journals.

The debate is certain to gain volume as the journalism review movement continues to expand, but with support as well from sources other than the reviews themselves.

The Chicago Newspaper Guild, for instance—which has awakened from the sleeping sickness that afflicted many big unions in recent decades—will demand in its forthcoming negotiations this winter one-third representation on editorial boards for working reporters, and the right to publish minority editorials. It will also demand veto power over the hiring and firing of department heads and will seek the privilege of first option for the employees when a newspaper is for sale.

This move follows from a revolt of Chicago journalists last March, when their newspapers, as expected, lined up uniformly behind Richard Daley in his re-election contest against Richard E. Friedman. The endorsements were more than many could stomach, considering the fact that Daley was the source of so many of the problems against which the newspapers campaign during the balance of the Mayor's four-year term. Following much negotiation, argument, threatening and cajolery, groups of eighty-eight *Daily News* and sixty-one *Sun-Times* staffers purchased large ads in their papers to oppose Daley. *Chicago Today* gave its staff space on the editorial page in a slot open regularly for dissenting reporters. (The slot was prepared by Dorfman when he worked for the paper.) While the ads obviously had little effect on the election, the revolt made a significant impression and is likely to influence future editorial considerations.

The episode, although not instigated by *CJR*, is part of the new consciousness and drive exemplified by the advent of the *Review* and its fellows across the land. It was also made possible in part by the presence of the *CJR* as a moral support. It is probably still too early to assess whether the drive for reporter power will become the central issue of the new movement, or whether it will be one of many discussions on the broader agenda of the local journalism reviews.

However, the reviews and such concepts are not likely to die away, despite the pronouncements of Norman Hill in a recent *Saturday Review* that depreciated the movement. Hill wrote: "There are many signs that the local journalism review is just a passing fad, a safety valve for one college generation afflicted with extraordinary irritability and impatience, and an ideological vogue." Giving the most eloquent lie to that view is the act of one of the nation's most highly respected reporters, Homer Bigart of *The New York Times*, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize. Bigart, who is 63 years old and has spent forty-five of those years as a reporter, is scarcely a member of the impatient, irritable, ideological generation that Hill accurately associates with the movement. A brief item relating to Bigart in the first issue of (*More*) consists of several dozen words trimmed from one of his stories by the *Times* in a blatantly political act of editing. His comments indicate why many think the journalism review is not a passing fad: "I never read my stories in the paper any more. It's a safe way to avoid ulcers. You can't win. You finally come to the point where you either have to take it or quit. People have tried to fight back but they get nowhere."

The reviews represent the only serious new weapon with which to fight and possibly win. □

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GUATEMALA'S RIGHT-WING TERROR

ALEJANDRO PORTES
Mr. Portes is an associate professor of sociology at the University of Texas. He has visited Guatemala twice in the past three years, in connection with his research into the political consequences of urbanization in Latin America.

At 7:30 in the morning of Monday, October 4, Prof. Bernardo Lemus, former dean of the economics school at San Carlos University and representative of the school before the university high council, drove his car into downtown Guatemala City. With him were his three children. A car intercepted that of Lemus; three men got out, carrying machine guns. Pushing their weapons against him, they forced Lemus to leave his children and his car and get into theirs. An eyewitness took the story to a paper that, defying the government's state of siege, printed it. Immediate appeals were made to the government by the university council, student associations and other institutions. The license plates of the kidnappers' car had been identified as starting with the digits 23—those used by the "judicial" police. Publicly denounced, the police had to yield. Sixteen hours later, Lemus was found alive in a remote suburb of the city.

For once, the classic sequence of political assassination, which in the last year has claimed five and more lives a day,* had been frustrated. On the same day, however, papers carried stories of the expulsion of an Episcopal bishop and a Catholic priest from the country for protesting against the wave of repression, the denial by the police of any knowledge of the whereabouts of two university students captured at midday by a police patrol in downtown Guatemala, and the just discovered corpses of a young woman "suspected" of belonging to the extreme Left guerrillas and her four companions.

President Carlos Arana Osorio first became prominent in Guatemalan politics as the army officer who had ruthlessly repressed guerrilla activity by the Revolutionary Armed Forces (FAR) in the western part of the country. Coming to power in 1970 with the support of an extreme Right coalition, Arana promised to eradicate political violence, whether instigated by the Left or the Right. In November 1970, however, his government decreed a state of siege and since then police and extreme Right groups have subjected the nation to a blood bath aimed at a "final solution" of the subversion problem.

While the outside world is informed in detail of the deaths of the German and U.S. ambassadors by FAR guerrillas, international press agencies seldom carry the other side of this picture. Though guerrilla activity continues, the bulk of indiscriminate violence, torture and innocent deaths is today the responsibility of police and the extreme Right. On an average day Guatemala hears news of machine-gunned university students, of peasant and union leaders found dead after torture, and of prominent opposition figures who have been kidnapped. Castration before murder is a not uncommon practice. As a hardened physician commented, "When a corpse appears we examine it; if it has been tortured, it was the Right." Death awaits opposition leaders in the most unexpected situations. Tereso de Jésus Oliva, former leader of the Workers' Catholic Youth and head of peasant affairs of the National Workers' Confederation (CTF), was machine-gunned at the entrance of a church where he had attended a friend's wedding.

In earlier days, a dominant agricultural oligarchy was content to let the middle-class politicians of Guatemala defend its interest and struggle for formal positions of power. In recent years, however, growing class polarization and ensuing guerrilla activity have

* Figures of this kind are obviously difficult to validate. This estimate is based on monthly news summaries published in *Panorama* magazine from September 1970 to March 1971; statements by the university's high council, reports of several human rights commissions, and my own count of political deaths reported daily in Guatemala City newspapers—which, according to all sources, grossly underestimate actual numbers by omitting rural killings. I believe that the figure represents a conservative estimate of the magnitude of political violence in Guatemala.

Vadillo Siempre (Mexico)

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forced the landed rich themselves to step into the political arena. The Minister of the Interior of the present government, in charge of police and all repressive activities, is a member of a Guatemalan family whose fortune and name date back to the early 19th century. Secret extreme Right groups such as La Mano Blanca (the White Hand) are led and paid for by landowners.

Recruiting gunmen for an all-out repression has forced this oligarchy into a historically familiar alliance with the urban *lumpen*. La Mano's executioners and the police squads charged with kidnapping, torturing and murdering government opponents are often recruited from the lowest strata. Former foreign relations minister Dr. Fuentes Mohr commented, after narrowly escaping death by the political police, that what most impressed him was the ghastly aspect of the individuals sent to kidnap him. In general, police recruits are given no training, being sent to the streets with little more than a uniform, a weapon and impunity.

Political repression of this type is both inefficient and irrational. After a year of all-out attack upon them, the Guatemalan urban and rural guerrillas have greatly reduced their activity. Rural guerrillas are reported to be regrouping in the eastern part of the country, while FAR forces in Guatemala City maintain a relatively effective campaign of violence against the government. On the other hand, many innocent individuals have been sent to prison, beaten and even murdered by the police. Irrationality enters the situation because the targets of repressive violence are selected less on the basis of their danger to the government than on their availability. Since guerrillas are elusive, they are seldom caught. Thus repression shifts precisely to those moderate sectors that try to maintain a legal, peaceful opposition to the government. Because they are visible and defenseless they can be kidnapped and murdered with little trouble or risk.

Nearly a year ago, the country was shocked by the torture and assassination of Dr. Mijangos Lopez, a brilliant Christian Democratic leader and congressman. While in no way linked to the extreme Left, Mijangos was an ideal subject for this type of outrage, being not only a visible government opponent but also an invalid confined to a wheelchair. Absence of minimal availability often means escape from police hands. On the day of Lemus' kidnapping, another university professor, Dr. Rafael Piedrasanta, escaped a similar fate by the simple expedient of not opening his door to the gunmen.

Irrational repression guided by availability means that, while in theory action is directed against guerrillas, in fact it aims at Center-Left parties, middle-class intelligentsia and leaders of peasant and workers' unions—the very sectors that could reduce polarization and provide nonradical solutions. Hence, the class configuration of struggle in Guatemala is less the classic pattern of mobilized lower classes against an entrenched oligarchy than it is an alliance between traditional agricultural upper strata and the *lumpen* against the more progressive sectors of the urban bourgeoisie and a nascent, weakly organized proletariat. Repression in this situation is doubly reactionary since, while it does not attain its avowed goal of eliminating armed subversion, it is dismantling the institutional machinery of parties, labor unions, professional and educational associations necessary for a minimally structured modern nation.

The deflection of political terror from those who foment it to those who could minimize its consequences can produce either of two results:

(*1*) Total demobilization and political apathy of middle and lower sectors. This would yield a society composed of a homogeneous, organized elite commanding an amorphous, undifferentiated mass—a prospect whose feudal overtones are not necessarily distasteful to those promoting repression.

(*2*) Destruction of middle sectors, and a violent polarization of forces. On one side, the traditional oligarchy and its armed groups; on the other, mobilized peasants and workers, militant intellectuals, and formerly moderate sectors which managed to escape repression.

Pushing toward either conclusion are the internal dynamics of a repressive apparatus integrated by untrained groups. Given weapons and impunity, the natural tendency of these elements is to claim increasing autonomy. This applies to both police and the members of terrorist organizations. Many La Mano members are reported to have defected and gone into business on their own, employing weapons and know-how acquired from the state for their own kidnappings and assaults for profit. More important, the extreme Right orientation of these groups aims at little more than maintaining the *status quo*. Hence, the only activity into which mobilization can be channeled is repression. Since *lumpen* repression is inefficient at locating true revolutionary foci, maintaining a state of excitement necessitates the continuous broadening of the definition of the "enemy" to assure a supply of visible, easily punishable victims.

The political situation in Guatemala is a schizoid superimpression of legal parties, constitutions, judiciary procedures and scholarly declarations upon an under stratum of unrestricted terror. The latter can at any point disrupt the former, since the most rational are the most defenseless. Moderate sectors increasingly see themselves as forced to choose between absolute apathy or revolutionary violence, as their leaders are suppressed, exiled, or driven to despair of ever implementing peaceful alternatives.

Behind the current situation in Guatemala lies a triangle of permanent forces, composed of those who benefit from the *status quo*, those who oppose it, and a massive U.S. presence. Largely responsible for the current political stalemate, U.S. policy has taken the anti-revolutionary rhetoric of the Arana government at face value, paying little heed to the fact that its actual implementation is destroying the institutional framework which alone could bring nonradical solutions. Caught in the midst of international struggles, Guatemala is—in the words of Prof. Richard Adams—"crucified by power." U.S. interests in the country would neither promote transformations themselves nor allow others to do so. They perpetuate, thus, a no longer viable oligarchy and its increasingly desperate attempts at repression. Feudalization of the country (a new Haiti in Central America) or a major war will confront the United States as the logical consequence of its policy. □

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ARKANSAS PRISON FARM

NEW CHAPTER IN HORROR

NICHOLAS C. CHRISS
Mr. Chriss is Houston bureau chief of the Los Angeles Times.

Cummins Prison Farm, Ark.

The fellow who first said, the more things change, the more they stay the same, might have been talking about the Arkansas penitentiary here. Despite waves of promises of reforms from officials including governors and assorted state politicians, things seem to remain the same for the inmates. [See "Arkansas Prison Farm: The Whip Pays Off" by Robert Pearman, *The Nation,* December 26, 1966.] This was brought out during a recent federal court hearing in Little Rock, which was disrupted by the accidental revelation of the death of a "one day wonder" who had undergone brutal treatment at the prison. For several years now, the penitentiary has been under a federal court order to prevent just this sort of thing.

The "one day wonder" program, instituted in the state in 1969, is a sort of jackleg penology reform that originated with several state judges. The idea was to sentence first-time offenders, some of them 14 and 15 years old, to one day at Cummins. That one day, the judges figured, would be enough to discourage them from ever returning. The death of Willie Stewart, 17, caught everyone by surprise because what happened at Cummins to "one day wonders" was a virtual secret. Even prison officials said they were unaware of how brutal the experience really was, but their credibility is in serious doubt.

Stewart died on November 29 en route to the hospital from Cummins after an incredible day. During the course of that day, the boy—about 5 ft. 10 in. and 112 pounds—was chased by a car as he entered the main gate, shot at, ordered in frigid weather to dunk his head in a pool of water, was slapped, did thirty-one minutes of push-ups, was made to jump up and down holding a hoe pressed to his head, had his hair clipped, was ordered to keep pace with two of the fastest cotton pickers on the farm, was given pants to wear several sizes too large, and finally was dumped on a floor by two guards who decided he was faking sickness. His mother in Little Rock said she was told at first that her son had eaten something that disagreed with him and had died. Incredibly, little is being done to find out who administered the treatment to Willie Stewart.

There are no controls on the "one day wonder" treatment, which was meted out by both trusties and guards. The judges apparently did not think them necessary, although they were sending youthful offenders to a prison long known for its sadism. Until he died, no one knew that Willie had a blood disease, and that severe physical strain could endanger his life. In his 17 years, the young black had never been to a doctor.

Willie is dead and he can't tell his story. But another one day wonder, Bobby Kendrick, 18, of Springdale, a white youth, served his one day on September 27. "I knew, I just knew, that someone was going to die," he said in an interview. "There was bound to be someone who couldn't take it because they go too far. There were four of us when I was there, and one boy kept falling down exhausted. We all did at times." Kendrick had been convicted of burglary and grand larceny and placed on a year's probation. Stewart had been convicted of burglary and sentenced to three years in prison, with all but one day at Cummins suspended.

Young Stewart was shot at by a guard as he entered the prison. The idea is to frighten the one day wonders. Joe Lewis, 26, a tower guard, testified in federal court that he was ordered to shoot at Stewart to frighten him. He said Stewart cringed, terrified, against a nearby chain-

link fence, and added: "He would have gone through it, if he could have."

Kendrick said he was not shot at, but his story of the day is equally bad. He said that he and three others were forced to wallow in a pool of water and excrement, dunk their heads underneath the fluid, scrape up the slime, and throw it at one another.

Guards on horses, he said, trotted behind them and knocked him down. "They'd run us and hit us with their horses," he said. Among other things, he was forced to kiss a guard's horse and threatened by two convicts who said they would rape him.

"We had to get down on all fours and oink like pigs,

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cackle like turkeys and quack like ducks," he said. "When the guard said we didn't hoe fast enough, he stuck a pistol barrel in my mouth and told me to suck on it. He did it again later and told me to chew on the barrel, and I did.

"They slapped us every chance they had, and they made us do Texas TV," Kendrick said. Texas TV is the name given to a punishment instituted at the prison by several administrators who came up from the Texas prison system to run the Arkansas penitentiary, and work on much needed reform. It consists of staring at a wall, with one's forehead or nose pressed against that wall, feet back about a yard, hands clasped behind back. The task is almost impossible, as three of the former Texas men readily admit. They are Terrell Don Hutto of the Arkansas corrections commission; A. L. Lockhart, Cummins superintendent, and Maj. Michael Hawks, in charge of field operations at the farm and the man who was supposed to be in charge of Stewart when he was in the field.

Gov. Dale Bumpers, who several months ago praised the gains at the prison, tried Texas TV when he first learned of it from the court hearing. Bumpers said he couldn't take it for more than thirty seconds. The court has since outlawed it, along with abuse of the "quiet cell," solitary. When he was forced to perform Texas TV, Kendrick said, guards would come behind him and kick his feet out from underneath him.

Hutto and Lockhart and Hawks say they knew and didn't know about the treatment of the "one day wonders." Hutto knew that shots were fired to scare them when they entered the prison; Lockhart said he did not. It is difficult to determine what Hawks knew or did not know. For years now, Arkansas prison officials have been saying one thing about their prison, and practicing something else.

In 1968 three human skeletons were dug up on the vast, lonely reaches of the farm. Thomas O. Murton, the brilliant and mercurial prison superintendent who was later fired, said as many as 500 deaths of inmates may have gone unrecorded. One convict, Reuben Johnson, said he personally buried ten to twelve inmates who had been shot with a pistol or beaten to death. [See "Too Good for Arkansas: One Year of Prison Reform" by Tom Murton, *The Nation,* January 12, 1970. Also editorial, "Vindication for Murton," *The Nation,* March 30, 1970.]

There have been some reforms, due mainly to the efforts of former Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller, but he could never really overcome the attitude of the Arkansas legislature (or the public) which has always taken a hard line against "coddling" the inmates. When someone during the court hearing suggested that Arkansas no longer had the worst prison in the country, the judge did not permit the others to be named. He said there was no need to slander other states.

Kendrick, furious at his treatment, complained to state prison board member Lynn Wade of Fayetteville. Wade talked to Hutto about it. He said Hutto promised he would look into the situation. If he did so, nothing happened. When Stewart showed up on November 29, the program was unchanged.

The Cummins prison farm today has a new administration building and a new maximum security unit. But the convicts are still jammed in big barracks rooms, double bunk against double bunk. At times, 300 men must use eight toilets. Still, some reforms have prevailed. As a result of Stewart's death and the federal court hearing, ammunition—given to trusty guards as well as regular staff—is now accounted for. In 1970 the prison spent $3,200 on ammunition and no one knows where the bullets went. Many of them were fired in the prison fields, where the trusty guards would shoot at the ground or in the air to scare convicts, or would pull the trigger twice to announce lunch. Trusties no longer work in the records department, where they once manipulated data as they chose. Whipping of prisoners with a 6-foot leather strap was stopped in 1969, by federal court order.

One of the greatest problems at the prison has been lack of money. Cummins was supposed to pay its own way from its farm produce. Another problem was control by inmates; the trusties did virtually everything. By January, the trusty guard system is supposed to be eliminated.

The state's two largest newspapers, the *Arkansas Gazette* and the *Arkansas Democrat,* have repeatedly lambasted the prison officials over the past years. Nevertheless, the horror stories continue to emerge. And despite Stewart's death, most officials—including the originating judges and Governor Bumpers—believe the "one day wonder" program should continue. Only now they'd like to see a little control.

Circuit Judge Paul Wolfe of Fort Smith, one of the originators, said he thought the program "has been successful beyond our fondest hopes, which was to head off young people from trouble again. They go down there [to Cummins] flippant, smart alec, full of talk, but on the way back they say 'yes sir' and 'no sir.'"

He said about 150 first offenders have been through the program and he has heard no complaints. Obviously, he never heard Kendrick's story. Wolfe said he never intended that excessive hazing take place. But it did, and no one knew. Or at least no one knew who cared enough to control it.

One state official spoke out against the "one day wonder" program. He was Dr. Richard E. Walters, state commissioner of juvenile services, who said: "As a psychiatrist, I am opposed to the general approach of the law of retaliation which was used at least 3,000 years before Christ was born. I don't believe in the approach of trying to scare criminality out of a child, even though it may be effective in a few cases." □

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LETTER FROM SINGAPORE

BARRY WEISBERG
Mr. Weisberg is the author of the just published Beyond Repair: The Ecology of Capitalism *(Beacon Press). Thanks to a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism, he is now in Southeast Asia, studying the long-term implications for that area of American investment.*

The relative reduction of American troops in Southeast Asia is today accompanied by a massive increase of American capital investment in the region. From 1964 through 1968 alone, private foreign investment in Asia increased by 203 per cent, according to the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE). Singapore, center for the regional oil operations, exemplifies the challenge which today besets many regional urban centers as they seek to take advantage of the enormous flow of American business dollars into their countries.

In 1970 the per capita gross national product of Singapore was second in Asia only to that of Japan—an estimated $1.8 billion, or $857 per capita. This was achieved in large measure by the extraordinarily high percentage of private foreign investment which dominates the economy of Singapore. Before 1960 Great Britain contributed the bulk of foreign investment; from 1960 through 1965, Japanese capital prevailed. Since 1965, however, American investment in Singapore has far exceeded that of any other country. Today the Economic Investment Board of Singapore estimates American investment at about $400 million, but that does not include the petroleum service industries located in Singapore, since the board does not consider that it directly benefits the economy of Singapore. When these industries are included, U.S. investment exceeds $600 million.

Petroleum will assume still greater importance in the economies of all the nations of Southeast Asia. Oil already dominates the economy of Indonesia and is the largest commodity of trade for Singapore, Vietnam and Japan. A few of the implications of this development become apparent when one examines the situation of Singapore.

At present, Singapore earns in excess of $50 million a month from the bonanza of oil explorations on the continental shelf of Southeast Asia. The pace of the boom can be grasped by noting that in 1960 there were a mere sixty oil-related firms in Singapore. Ten years later the number has jumped above 300, with regular new arrivals. The American presence has taken a corresponding jump, from 200 Americans in all of Singapore in 1967 to more than 7,000 today. A recent visit by Ronald Reagan, special envoy of the President, called attention to California's interest in the region.

Five major petroleum companies (and a host of smaller ones) operate today in Singapore; they include Shell, Esso, Mobil, British Petroleum and Caltex (a joint operation of Standard Oil of California and Texaco). In 1970, the Bank of America stated that the petroleum industry accounted for 16.5 per cent of the "total value added" from all manufacturing in Singapore. After rubber, petroleum is the biggest foreign exchange earner. In addition, some 77 per cent of the total cargo handled through the ports of Singapore in 1970 was petroleum.

The importance of petroleum to the export trade of Singapore is dependent upon, first, Vietnam and, second, Japan. Exports to Vietnam quadrupled from 1965 to 1969, constituting in the latter year 42 per cent of the petroleum exports. In addition, an estimated $3.3 million was spent in 1969 on military repair activity, and $6.3 million on rest and recreation for American troops. Though Singapore is no longer a center for R&R, the nuclear-powered American aircraft carrier *Enterprise* recently visited Singapore fresh from the Indochinese theatre, and in less than a week the 5,000 men of her crew splurged $1 million.

It is unlikely that the departure of American troops from South Vietnam will affect the ravenous consumption of petroleum. In 1969, when U.S. troop commitments dropped by 150,000, petroleum exports from Singapore increased by 30 per cent.

Singapore's geographical situation is critical for its trade with Japan. The Chase Manhattan Bank calculates that non-Communist Asia, from India down to Australia and up to Japan, is the third largest energy market in the world. Japan represents half that market and is the world's fastest growing consumer of energy. Singapore sits midway between the oil-producing nations of the Middle East and the oil-consuming center of Japan.

The Singapore Ministry of Finance notes that "In 1958, the value (F.O.B.) of petroleum exports to Japan was $6 million. In 1967, the figure jumped to $60 million, and in 1969, it skyrocketed to more than $150 million"—at which point it constituted 45 per cent of Singapore's exports to Japan. With its consumption of fuel rising at an annual compounded rate of 18 per cent or more, Japan will continue to be an insatiable market for Singapore's petroleum products.

Though petroleum dominates American investment in Singapore, it is by no means the only factor. In 1970, U.S. imports to Singapore increased by a massive 64 per cent, largely because the island is regional headquarters for American petroleum and related enterprises, but also because several American-financed manufacturing industries, ranging from electrical equipment to hotels, restaurants and plastics, have begun operations there.

The social-welfare-minded government of Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew has at many turns taken advantage of the capital inflow. The high per capita standard of living offers free and excellent medical care for all 2 million inhabitants, constantly improved housing and an adequate diet for everyone. All indications suggest that the completion of the British troop removal will have no adverse effects upon the economy, as oil and other incoming manufacturing operations will more than offset the losses from that source. The port of Singapore ranks fourth in the world, and ship repair and maintenance promise increased prosperity. Some time in mid-June 1972, Singapore will receive the first fully containerized shipment to arrive in Southeast Asia.

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Yet, while short-run benefits from these developments no doubt contribute substantially to the well-being of Singapore, the longer run implications are more ambiguous. Acclaimed as one of the cleanest cities in Asia, if not in the world, Singapore imposes a fine in excess of $166 for littering, with a similar fine for smoking in prohibited places. However, not long ago the Prime Minister personally opened a month-long anti-pollution campaign. It focused attention upon both industrial and personal hygiene. While pollution is today very slight in the area, the potential danger is great. Already the industrial estate of Jurong accommodates more than 280 factories, with another 110 under construction. By 1975, Jurong should contain some 500 factories. In addition, the offshore oil-refining facilities are large-scale ecological hazards to the region. Although Singapore's laws are very weak in this area, some petroleum companies, notably Esso, have sponsored protective measures against air and marine pollution. Nevertheless, the regular transit of 200,000-ton tankers loaded with crude from the Middle East through the shallow Straits of Malacca, and without traffic regulation, is a constant threat to the region. Some fear, with reason, that the costs of economic growth will be severe. As one observer noted, "The Asian is pictured as deserving of pity because of bacteria in his drinking water, worms in his intestines and harmful insects in his environment. But to get rid of all these bacteria, insects and harmful elements he is asked to adopt ways of living that will eventually fill his once fresh air with smog, pollute and litter his once crystalline streams with noxious chemicals, and fill his once serene atmosphere with nerve-racking noise." Some critics go further, questioning not only the effects of development but the process chosen by the Republic to pursue it. In order to induce accelerated investment in Singapore, a number of firms have been granted what is known as "pioneer status," which amounts to a tax holiday of up to five years as a bonus for investment in excess of a certain figure. From 1960 through 1968, paid-up capital from all "pioneer firms" amounted to $114.4 million, of which 55 per cent came from foreign sources. The high proportion of foreign investment presents a number of serious questions about the future economic development of Singapore.

To begin with, it can be argued that the tax privileges have resulted in a substantial, unwarranted revenue loss to the Republic. Helen Hughes, editor of *Foreign Investment and Industrialization in Singapore*, notes that "The most striking conclusion of the surveys was that foreign investors, almost without exception, stated that taxation concessions and pioneer status did not play a significant role, and for the most part played no role at all, in bringing them to Singapore. . . . They were not adverse to paying taxes if they were making a profit; conditions in which profits could be made rather than the opportunities for taxation concessions had brought large and small investors from six countries."

Beyond that, Nyan Boon Hang of the Department of Business Administration, University of Singapore, suggests that in "most foreign enterprises, only top positions in personnel and public relations are opened to Singaporeans. The important posts of production, planning, finance and marketing are still foreign-dominated. At the same time, the foreign counterpart of a local employee holding the same designation in an organization is paid twice as much, besides generous housing and overseas allowances."

These and other social pressures result from the American presence in Singapore. Word has it that the recent introduction of drug addiction to Singapore is a product of the American influx.

It is often difficult, in contract negotiations or in the planning process, for a small city-state such as Singapore to compete with the economic and political strength of an American corporation. While Singapore takes pride in giving people what they want, it becomes increasingly clear to some residents that Singapore itself is not clear what it wants. Attempts to raise such questions in the public forum are not always welcomed by the government. Early this year the government launched an official campaign against three local newspapers, the *Nanyang Siang Pau,* the *Eastern Sun* and the *Singapore Herald.* Three officers of the *Nanyang Siang Pau,* a Chinese newspaper, were arrested for having, so the indictment stated, launched "a deliberate campaign to stir up Chinese racial emotions."

The sudden appearance of large amounts of capital tends to accentuate patterns of social stratification as competing groups within the society struggle for the new resources, and as elites emerge to assume increasing control over the management of the new-found wealth. The unwonted wealth also tends to foster a consumer-oriented middle class, which in turn generates stratification between producers and consumers, rural and urban. One obvious consequence is that the structure of local production tends to shift increasingly toward supplying the consumptive needs of a growing affluent middle class. Cosmetics, fashions and automobiles, for instance, tend to replace less glamorous and profitable goods needed to meet rural and peasant requirements.

The global strategy that motivates the large multinational corporations rarely gives much thought to the national priorities and planning goals (when they are explicit) of the host country. Production schedules and other decisions are arrived at without consulting the local government. Also, speculation and spending begin to usurp savings and investment. In Singapore, within the twelve-to-eighteen-month period that coincided with the rapid increase in oil exploration, the cost of middle- and higher-income housing doubled, according to a United States Information Agency spokesman.

Both the short- and long-run implications of Singapore's investment pattern contradicts the current popular notion that America is slowly but steadily disengaging itself from Asia. The exact opposite is occurring. Never before has America penetrated so deeply into the political and economic structure of Southeast Asia. We are accustomed to measuring the American presence there by missions flown or troops withdrawn. If Singapore is any indication, America's commitment there has merely moved from the countryside into the city, from Indochina to all Southeast Asia, from napalm to the pocketbook. That is what Jacques Decornoy of *Le Monde* has already described as the "Vietnamization of the economy." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Of Steiner, Unamuno, and Loss of Faith

IN BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE: Some Notes Towards the Redefinition of Culture. *By George Steiner. Yale University Press. 141 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT S. PICCIOTTO
Mr. Picciotto teaches Spanish literature at Queens College, New York City.

George Steiner's most recent book advances the proposition that the matrix of European culture is not Christian, as T. S. Eliot would have it, but connected rather with Judaism. Our spiritual development, Steiner claims, proceeded in three distinct stages, marked by shifts in our ideal of perfection: those of the abstract God-head as seen by Moses, the concrete human life of Jesus, and the secular communal society of Marx. In each case the focus was a Jew, and in each the Jewish people as a whole played a specific and important role.

Yet, the last part played by the Jews, that of victims to Nazi savagery, points to the futility of this progression. And here Steiner confronts us with his most persistent theme, the claim that the 19th-century liberal faith in human, ethical improvement as an inevitable accompaniment of cultural progress is nothing but an illusion. It may have been possible in the past to believe in the humanizing effect of art, literature, music or philosophy, but this belief must shatter against reason as soon as one thinks of the Nazi butchers strolling reverently in museums, listening to Beethoven, or reading Goethe.

Abstractly considered, and without regard to the merits or defects of the thesis, such a wide overview of history might well suggest an image of the author as a patient and erudite thinker, looking back on the past as on a chess board, rearranging past events and ideas in a way that would lead to the present position of affairs. Instead, the image of Steiner I had when I finished the book was that of a priest who has lost faith in the sacraments but nonetheless goes on, day after day, administering them to whoever will accept them. I am not speaking here only of his tone, but of the fact that in the very act of denying the humanizing effect of culture, he is very hard at work trying to contribute to it.

George Steiner is himself very much aware of this paradox, and he offers a solution to it in this book. He suggests that he, and other Western intellectuals with whom he identifies himself, have an irrepressible desire to know and will open every door, regardless of what they may find. But that is not a solution at all, for it neatly sidesteps the issue. Others may write because they have an overpowering drive to do it, but few demand with Steiner that writing make everything all right with the world. Indeed, the main thesis of one of his earlier books, *Language and Silence*, was that, faced with the horrors of our time, we cannot say anything more and should be silent. Why, then, did he write those essays? And after them, why did he write *In Bluebeard's Castle*?

If we take him at his word, we have to see him as someone for whom the gulf between the ideal and the actual is wider than it is for others. Naturally, the forms assumed by Steiner's spiritual dissatisfaction are historically determined. He is a son of the liberal 19th century, educated in the tradition whose clearest spokesman was Matthew Arnold, and intellectual brother not only of T. S. Eliot but of F. R. Leavis. But the disparity between desire and reason is far older—and broader—than this tradition; it is interesting, accordingly, to compare Steiner with one thinker who never accepted the Arnoldian premises.

Miguel de Unamuno did not believe in progress of any kind, much less that culture could lead to ethical improvement. He held, on the contrary, that the farther man went along the path of reason, the more he knew about himself and the world around him, the more removed he grew from all ethical imperatives. These could only come from faith in God, and, very much like Kierkegaard, Unamuno regarded liberal culture as the greatest enemy of faith. He was himself a man of immense erudition, and a man of reason; all his life he carried with him the contradiction between the findings of his intellect and his aspiration for an ideal that those findings denied.

That contradiction was the focal point of almost everything he wrote. In *Saint Emmanuel the Good* the hero is a priest who loses his faith through thinking too much. *The Agony of Christianity* interprets the history of belief in a manner as striking as that of *In Bluebeard's Castle*. But the work in which Unamuno best discloses how the contradiction tears his being apart is *The Tragic Sense of Life*. If he were to deny his reason, he writes, if he were to deny culture and all that culture implies, he would be a fool, as those who believe without doubts are. And, if he were to still the voice calling for faith, asking for certainty beyond the immediate evidence of his senses, he would be dead as a human being. What can he do? Nothing. He accepts the contradiction, going so far as to make it a condition of the highest possible human life. One is fully alive only if one has the sense that existence is tragic and fragmented. To look for completeness by choosing either reason or faith is to condemn oneself to being forever incomplete.

Now when two writers working in differing traditions, at very different historical junctures, show such striking parallels, it is reasonable to suppose that their dissatisfactions raise even broader issues than those that either author directly confronts. The point here is not simply that the juxtaposition of art and culture with barbarity is disturbing, as Steiner finds it, or that faith and reason cannot coexist, as in Unamuno; but that for each the lack of relation between reality and human aspiration makes a full, unalienated existence impossible.

Poetry Editor

With this issue of *The Nation*, Robert Hazel becomes the magazine's poetry editor, succeeding Allen Planz in this rotating post. Mr. Planz served an unusually long term, beginning in July of 1969, and his wide range of taste and sympathy permitted the magazine to reflect significant currents in contemporary American poetry; the editors are grateful for the quality of his contribution to these pages.

Mr. Hazel is professor of Poetry and Creative Writing at New York University. He has published two books of verse, *Poems, 1951-1961*, and *American Elegies*. He is also the author of a novella, *White Anglo-Saxon Protestant*, and three novels, *The Lost Year*, *A Field Full of People*, and, most recently, *Early Spring* (Norton).

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In tracing the progress of culture to its inevitable end, Steiner takes a cue from Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents*. Since the growth of civilization depends on repression of the instincts, every culture contains within it the seeds of its own destruction. Sooner or later the repressed instincts will break out with terrifying violence. That, Steiner contends, is what happened during the Nazi regime.

For Freud, however, art, like dreams, is the realm where the instinctive is not fully repressed, a road we can travel from what we are to what we should like to be. The finished song, the finished painting, can be completely satisfying to the artist because it contains him whole, reality and aspiration, in precisely the synthesis for which both Steiner and Unamuno are searching. And perhaps the source of Steiner's and Unamuno's acute malaise is to be found in their failure as artists, their fundamental inability to write as whole men rather than as men thinking.

Unamuno left behind a great number of plays, poems and stories, while Steiner has published only one volume of fiction. But that one book testifies to a desire to say something he could not say in his essays. Yet, he never says it. The themes are the same; the ideas are the same; and instead of allowing his imagination scope to include matters not part of his conscious concerns, he reins in his characters, makes them move through situations that reflect the workings of George Steiner's intellect. One reads Steiner's fiction, as one reads Unamuno's, not with one's senses, reacting affectively, but with one's mind, abstracting concepts and responding to them.

And when all is said and done, Steiner, as Unamuno once did, takes himself as exemplar; it might be this overvaluation of ideas at the expense of full human experience that leads him to speak of the death of culture. When he writes of the Nazis reading Goethe, he reacts as if they had defiled a temple, and who would not agree with him? But he forgets that they called modern art "degenerate," and that the same kind of selectivity is a general feature of totalitarian regimes, as we can see in the case of Stalin's Russia or in the Greece of the colonels. What makes certain works of art unacceptable to these people is that they mirror the instinctual as well as the cultural forces in the artist, and thus give a full view of his historical moment, including its inhumanity and savagery, rather than a rational ideal that soothes and even exonerates. The most bloodthirsty of politicians might enjoy Racine, but it is most unlikely that he would approve of *The Naked Lunch*. □

Rabbit Run to Earth

RABBIT REDUX. *By John Updike. Alfred A. Knopf. 407 pp. $7.95.*

BERNARD OLDSEY

Mr. Oldsey teaches English at West Chester State College. His latest book is a novel, The Spanish Season *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

"He finds this inward curve and slips along it, sleeps. He. She. Sleeps. O.K.?" Thus ends *Rabbit Redux*, with Harry Angstrom earthed, snuggled against the rump of his wife, Janice. They have taken shelter against the slings and arrows of fortune in a motel room. How did they get there, and what does it all mean, particularly that "O.K.?"—which may or may not be a bit of auctorial intrusion.

The answers come from the narrative past and present. Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom first saw the light of day in *Rabbit, Run*, published in 1960. His name evoked his story: he was the harried rabbit that copulated and ran. His life was no larger than an angstrom (1/100 millionth of a centimeter). He was dominated by *Angst*. At the end of that first novel he was pictured running away from everything in "a kind of sweet panic," away from wife, son, mistress, parents, dead daughter, and even himself.

Rescuing his protagonist from that purgatorial run, Updike makes it clear with the new book that Harry Angstrom was all along meant to be a species of white American Everyman, fitting a niche somewhere between the comic Babbitt and the tragic Willy Loman. In the 17th century John Dryden wrote *Astraea Redux*, the return of the star, to commemorate the ascension of Charles II to the throne of England. Perhaps it is a piece of deliberate irony on Updike's part to present us not with a king but with one of our very own fellow Amurrucans in search of—something.

If the trouble with Harry stems from the Eisenhower years of becalmed anxiety, his cure is to be effected, partially at least, by plunging him into misadventures characterizing the Johnsonian era of social and racial upheaval. Updike proves to be a master of this particular physic (*redux*, by the way, has a medical meaning of returning to health after disease). The times they are a-changing and Harry has changed too, but must change even more. He is ten years older (36) than he was in *Rabbit, Run*, and many pounds heavier. He lives in the suburbs, works in a print shop with his father, and has become a Vietnam hawk who resents the increased number of blacks he encounters on the bus. His son, Nelson, has hair as long as a girl's and does not like athletics. His wife has liberated herself into a job on her father's car lot and into an affair with a Greek-American who is a Vietnam dove (*pace* Spiro).

The curative purge of *Rabbit Redux* is neatly administered in four parts of nearly 100 pages each. The first part is entitled "Pop/Mom/Moon" and is probably the best piece of sustained writing Updike has ever done. It is his version of tragicomic Pop art. The private despair of Harry here on earth is played off in camp counterpoint against TV programs and the moon landing. The time is July 16 to 20, 1969, when Neil Armstrong, the All-American boy, is taking his giant step for mankind. Meanwhile, back on earth, Harry realizes his life has become a shambles. His father sits in one room watching the landing; Harry goes to his mother's room, where she lolls under the effects of Parkinson's disease, and confesses that his wife has left him.

"Pop/Mom/Moon" is a small masterpiece of interlaced family affairs and multi-media effects. Harry keeps seeing his life flash before him in the kinds of headlines he sets at his job as linotype operator at The Verity Press: "LINOTYPER'S WIFE LAYS LOCAL SALESMAN. *Greek Takes Strong Anti-Viet Stand.*" And later: "VERITY EMPLOYEE NAMED CUCKOLD OF WEEK. *Angstrom Accepts Official Horns From Mayor*," But most of the counterpoint is established through TV intrusions, including not only the moon landing, but "The Match Game" and a Carol Burnett skit in which she plays the Lone Ranger's wife about to betray him with Tonto.

These comic effects of the dark lover move toward the tragic in Parts II and III of the novel, entitled simply "Jill" and "Skeeter." Updike manages to get Janice out of Harry's house and into Charlie Stavros' apartment quite naturally. Moving Jill—a teen-age hippie who is on the lam from a wealthy family and drugs—into the house is somewhat contrived. But the re-education of Harry necessitates his being brought in-

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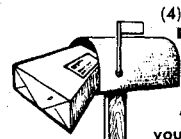

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to close contact with teeny-bopping love, black history and power, and the drug culture. So enter Jill, with hallucinatory touches borrowed from Herman Hesse, and Skeeter, perhaps the best fictional representation of a black by a white novelist, particularly in respect to his speech patterns and his burning drive. When Skeeter punctuates his harangues with the inevitable "Right?", it is difficult not to agree, even though he may be an anti-Christ rather than the Black Jesus he declares himself to be.

There they all live in a loving *ménage à quatre*—Harry, his son, Jill, and Skeeter—in a suburb called Penn Villas, where the plumbing is bad and the neighbors act like a bunch of peeping vigilantes. Harry and Skeeter take turns with Jill. Jill teaches the 13-year-old Nelson, perhaps sexually as well as socially. But this commune-like family comes to grief. Jill's death by fire is sacrificial, like a reefer passed from mouth to mouth. In all of this, Updike shows a willingness to experiment and take literary chances. Many of the chances hinge on sexual experimentation, and a particular instance of interracial fellation takes the longest shot of all. It is as though Updike has made himself, his protagonist, and his reader face the possibility of combined hate-love in a most intimate form between races. If we can take that, he seems to say, we can take it all, and begin to learn.

This book is as sex-possessed as *Couples*. It is a rare episode that does not contain a sexual act, and the last part of the novel, "Mim," works as a denouement of sexual vengeance. Harry's sister, Mim, has undergone the greatest change of all the characters created in *Rabbit, Run*. Now she's a high-class call girl out on the West Coast "turning ten tricks a day." When she comes back home, she turns several with Charlie Stavros, and facilitates Janice's return to Harry.

In all this, Updike seems to take his stand with Robert Frost in believing that "Earth's the right place for love:/ I don't know where it's likely to go better." When that rocket leaves for the moon the commonalty of mankind "have not been lifted, they are left here."

Updike is among those American novelists—like Bellow and Malamud—who work mainly with the earthy issues of social and psychological reality. He refuses the intricately cerebral methods of Barth, Gass and Barthelme. He has continued to improve a solid *oeuvre* of fiction during hard times, when the novel has been repeatedly pronounced dead, when the anti-novel has been declared pre-eminent, and when several of the best writers in the country have turned their hands to fictionalized journalism.

How good a novel is *Rabbit Redux* by itself? Perhaps the critical balance lies between Skeeter's "Right?" and Updike's tiny Jamesian echo at the end of the book, "O.K.?" This work shows the brilliance of detail, style and form that Updike is capable of—which is to say a great deal, since from sentence to sentence, set piece to set piece, it is doubtful that he has an equal in this country. The characterizations in this novel are vivid, their conversations superb dialogue (except that Harry sometimes says things too good for his station in life).

And yet something is lacking, some force of insight. Harry Angstrom is too often a mere pincushion receiving the thrusts of others. For a long time Updike has been refusing the mantle of greatness, often cleaving to an attitude of almost juvenile jocularity. Maybe that is why Rabbit prays only on busses, and cuddles up in the temporary shelter of a motel room. O.K.? □

WINTER IN THE IMPERIAL CITY
(Peking, 1971)

Red guards scattered to the four winds;
all silent in the city of heavenly peace.
Pianist's hands, broken for Mozart, beginning to heal.
Farmers pass the smashed Buddhas—they will not mend.
Hot blood that ran in the streets, strong voices trembling
to seize the future.
Ah, mes semblables! *We thought it was the beginning of the world.*
Pamphlets that raged against ancient walls—
a chill wind blows their scraps through the icy cabbage-fields.

David Rosenthal

Standing Up Underground

DEATH AND THE MINES: Rebellion and Murder in the UMW. *By Brit Hume. Grossman Publishers. 280 pp. $7.95.*

THOMAS N. BETHELL

Mr. Bethell writes for several newspapers in the Appalachian region, is contributing editor of The Washington Monthly, *publisher of the newsletter,* Coal Patrol, *and author of* The Hurricane Creek Massacre, *to be published in March (Harper & Row).*

Stood for the union, walked in the line, fought against the company;
Stood for the UMW of A—now who's going to stand for me?

The lines are part of a song by Billy Edd Wheeler, but the question could have been asked by any one of 100,000 men in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Alabama, Illinois, Colorado, Montana, Nova Scotia—anywhere that coal lies under the ground and men go down to dig it.

Once there would have been an answer to the question, and everyone in the nation would have known what it was. John L. Lewis stood for the miners—stood and scowled into the faces of Presidents and Senators, coal operators and newspaper publishers and judges; wrapped them all in Biblical invective; cursed them all with fine impartiality. The miners loved him for it. They came out of the mines, striking, whenever he asked them to, held their noses for photographers as an answer to Roosevelt's pleas to return to work, struck against the Congress when it passed an anti-labor law, offered to "let Mr. Taft and Mr. Hartley mine the coal." Time was, and not so long ago, when miners never thought to ask, "Who's going to stand for me?"

But Lewis has been dead nearly three years and was in retirement for almost a decade before that. Like many majestic men, he artificially amplified his stature by surrounding himself with lesser figures. One of them, a beetle-browed, bad-tempered functionary named William Anthony Boyle, duly succeeded him as president of the United Mine Workers.

The succession was not entirely smooth. Miners in Ohio and Pennsylvania, feeling constrained under the autocratic system that Lewis had imposed on the union to assure that he would never be seriously opposed from within, tried to force Tony Boyle toward a more open administration. They wanted grass-roots union democracy, beginning with the right to elect their district officers. Boyle answered them at the UMW's 1964 convention with a flying squad of helmeted

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thugs who controlled access to the floor microphones. From then on, coal miners knew that nobody was going to stand for them.

They went to the government on the union-democracy issue, and the Labor Department, agreeing that they had a solid case against Boyle, did nothing whatsoever about taking the case to trial—took more than six years, in fact, to get its papers shuffled and its evidence together before so much as appearing in court. The UMW, still living on its reputation as the toughest and most individualistic of unions, had its friends in high places—and it had a powerful silent partner in the press, which ignored UMW affairs almost entirely from the moment when Lewis retired in 1960 until the moment eight years later when Consolidation Coal Company's No. 9 mine exploded at Farmington, W. Va., killing seventy-eight miners and reminding a surprised public that coal mining was still on the active list of American trades.

Without that explosion and the sustained publicity that followed it, there is reasonable doubt that the average citizen would ever have tumbled to the fact that thousands of men still make their living by digging coal. Coal had become an invisible, mysterious substance. A great pile of it stands heaped against the sky within sight of the Capitol, but a spot check of Senators before the Farmington disaster probably would not have turned up more than twenty who knew what it was there for. The entire subject was neglected for nearly a decade.

With grim consequences. While nobody else was watching, a few farsighted men, knowing (even if the public didn't) that coal would be needed in record quantities to meet the electric-power demands of the 1970s and beyond—and knowing too that technology would soon make possible the conversion of coal to natural gas and gasoline—set about creating the combinations of capital necessary to bring the industry under the control of a handful of oil companies and other conglomerate titans. By 1968, with hardly a murmur of opposition from Congress or the antitrust experts of the Justice Department, they had accomplished their goal.

The companies received active, enthusiastic assistance from the Interior Department, which saw its mission as one of aiding production while giving millions of dollars to industry for the coal-gas conversion research which would ultimately give the oilmen control over all sources of energy. No one in the federal government took responsibility for protecting the men who worked in the nation's most dangerous industry. As a direct result, they died at the rate of five to ten a week, 200 in a "good" year (as characterized by the Bureau of Mines). More than 10,000 were seriously injured each year, and uncountable numbers moved forward on the slow road to death from black lung.

Against the rapacity of the corporations, and the benign neglect of the government, the massive power of the United Mine Workers was never used; its leaders were so closely tied to the industry mine owners that the idea of standing up for the rank and file never occurred to them. They loaned millions of dollars to coal companies and never blinked when the companies defaulted. They invested in steamship lines, electric-utility holding companies, and paper organizations whose purposes have never been made clear. They set up a million-dollar retirement fund for Boyle and his chief aides at a time when rank-and-file miners were getting pensions of $115 a month. They put their sons and daughters on the union payroll and devised elaborate pension eligibility rules that left thousands of retired miners without a penny of assistance from the union.

The Farmington disaster set in motion a militant movement for reform within the UMW membership. *Death and the Mines* is the first book-length chronicle of that movement—which seemed, momentarily, to have come to an end a year later when Tony Boyle's challenger, Jock Yablonski, was murdered. This was only a few weeks after Boyle had proclaimed himself victor in a very questionable election. The murder, carried out by hired gunmen whose sponsor is still at large, did stop the UMW reform movement for a while. But miners know something about living with violence, and the opposition to Boyle is broader and deeper today than it was two years ago.

Brit Hume, who works for the newspaper columnist, Jack Anderson, wrote *Death and the Mines* from the vantage point of a reporter who had watched each stage of the Yablonski campaign and learned to appreciate the tenacity of the men who were struggling to make their union something to be proud of. Beginning with the aftermath of the explosion at Farmington, ending with the aftermath of the murder, exploring en route the myriad details of a union gone wrong and the seemingly hopeless but gallant effort to turn it around, *Death and the Mines* can be read as melodrama, or as muckraking, or as labor history.

One way or another, it needs to be read, for its heroes are ordinary, battered people who, having taken it as long as

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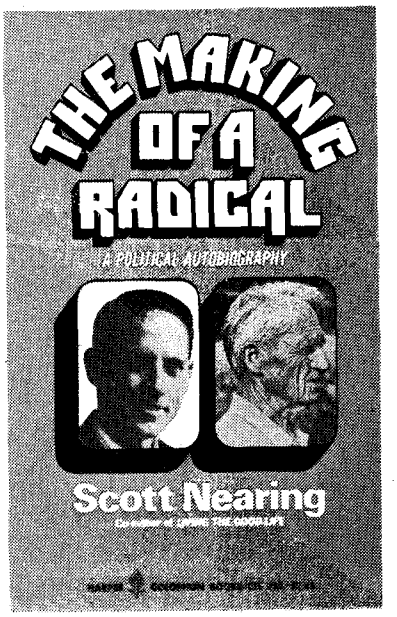

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they could, decided not to take it any longer. With very little help, they have carried their fight a long way; *Death and the Mines* explains why, explains it well, and offers a cautious hope that the fight may end in victory.

If that happens, we'll all be the gainers. The United Mine Workers, producing the coal that produces kilowatts, steel, chemicals, and soon synthetic gas as well, is the one union without whose blessing the economy cannot function. If control of that union ever passes into the hands of progressive men—men who wonder where the labor movement has been on such matters as welfare reform, education, Vietnam, race, unemployment; who wonder where government has been while miners have been dying and oilmen have created cartels beyond the dreams of Rockefeller—it might mean a new era for American labor. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

It is almost as much fun to think about Jerome Robbins' *The Concert* as it is to see it. For the unique quality about *The Concert*, which was revived by the New York City Ballet in December, is that, for all its running sight gags, pointed costumes and use of facial expression, it is basically a ballet about ideas and situation. The premise behind the whole affair is delightful. Some people attend a Chopin concert. The music unlocks their hatches; after all, this is why they have come. In two seconds flat they become butterflies, Prussian princes, seducers. Chopin as program music par excellence! It is what we have always suspected about Chopin—the "we" including those who love and respect the composer—and have never dared speak aloud. Robbins has done it. Those who have been perplexed to find themselves simultaneously understanding that Chopin is anything but program music and yet entertaining thoughts about drawing pictures to Chopin will find Robbins' enterprise deliciously wicked. And so thinking about *The Concert* brings a chuckle at having been found out.

It is one of the few ballets that is more about people than it is about dancing. There is always action—more gesture and stage direction than dance movement—but it is used with economy and only to elucidate character and situation. Robbins must be an expert charade player. Many characters are introduced in the first scene, and three of them maintain their identity throughout. There is the ethereal lass with a strange glaze in her eye. While perched on a chair, she wraps arms and legs around the piano, which is on stage, and becomes so bemused—less with Chopin than with her own rapture, one suspects—that she fails to realize that her chair has been removed from under her. There is the cigar-chomping husband and his ever watchful wife, who knows she is hated and relishes it. Later on in the ballet the husband will fancy himself the Prussian-*cum*-epaulettes, the wildest mazurka dancer in town, a wife murderer, and the slickest illicit lover of the ethereal, if mad, lady. She, meanwhile, will buy the perfect hat. She will stand erect and proud, pass a lady in an even more stupendous hat, and then slump in depression, looking like a discarded flower pot. With its smoothly flowing mime on a consistent plane of dynamics, and with music faintly humming in the background, this scene recalls Chaplin.

The wife will be foiling the plots of the husband. She will not yield to the repeated thrusts of his knife. And just as he, now a lusting butterfly, is about to catch the fluttery, ethereal lady, herself a perfect embodiment of the idea of a butterfly, the wife appears with menacing wings and an army of butterflies in tow. At last, however, she gets hers. For as her troop swarms in battle formations—any resemblance to the swan queen and her whooshing retinue of arm-flapping swans is probably not coincidental—she is knocked flat on her behind, her wings crushed.

Occasionally the projections emanate from Robbins rather than the characters. The ballet would be still better, I suppose, if it had stayed with the characters' points of view, but then we would not have had the best episode of all—the umbrella dance, to a Chopin prelude. A person walks on stage and opens his black umbrella. Others appear, see the open umbrella, turn their hands palm up to catch the raindrops, shrug their shoulders in puzzlement because they feel no drops—and open their umbrellas. Soon the stage is filled with open black umbrellas. But that is not the end of it. The group next splits in two, and each crowds under one of two open umbrellas, huddling and herding masses under the tyranny we all know. This is Robbins'

SPENDING YOUR LIFE KILLING YOURSELF

It all starts quite early. Maybe
just after you get up, something like
a fluorescent rat dances in your skull,
you have never felt this way about
anything before. Is this good? Is
this bad? You wrap your head in gauze
to keep the swelling down, & also, you know
when injured the first thing is always
the bandaid, & the temperature, 12 in the shade.
Perhaps, tho, you missed your mouth, &
the thermometer dangles from a very large pore
in your face right next to where your mouth
might also be, well, it's not an emergency
& nobody cares anyway.

An airplane glowing like fried mucus
flops into the rat's ear & you feel
your life is full of small electric
heaters, & perhaps someone has left them on
all night, & if you could put your feet
inside your head, you could warm them up
a little, & winter would not always be
a frozen piece of bread slapped against
the sidewalk

& everyone you know is crying & maybe
this is the reason the plane always has
a hard time of it, nothing, not even
this story is ripped to shreds & everyone
is crying. It just doesn't make sense.
Two artificial lungs, some left-over Spam,
& whatever else you want.

Terry Stokes

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jeremiad

a newsletter of
uncommon economic intelligence
will help relieve the rigors
of the coming year

Number 37 **December 14, 1971**

Statue of Liberty Play
That Which Is To Be Overcome
I.F. Stone's New Beginning
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The piper who has lost his cunning can no longer conjure the feet of the multitude into a dance; and if, in rage and panic, he now attempts to convert himself into a drill-sergeant or a slave-driver, and to coerce by physical force a people that he can now no longer lead by his old magnetic charm, then all the more surely and swiftly he defeats his own intention; for the followers who had merely flagged and fallen out of step as the heavenly music died away will be stung by a touch of the whip into active rebellion.

—Toynbee

"Let's look in theory at what would happen if we devalued the dollar. What shall it be? 10%? 12%" (How many cards will you take, gents?)

John Connally said it. The great U.S. dollar was willing. The Group of Ten hushed, awed. The word ran along the cables, through filaments of air, bounced from telstars—the glacial dollar moved! It had been a stage play after all, a poker hand, a long-drawn bluff, shrewd bargaining. At last the U.S. Treasury figured it had milked fear and avarice of banker and speculator and businessman for all there was, and blandly threw in the dry husk of dollar devaluation.

To his hypothetical query Connally heard no response. For three-quarters of an hour none in the Group of Ten would utter a word for the record. Their specialists meanwhile ran the speculative devaluation through a carnage of formulas. Uniformly they whispered back, "Too much, too high." All had concluded that a devaluation just half that size would be right, no excess theatrics if you please.

Allen Ginsberg was wrong about where the finest minds of our generation are; they staff international finance where tick marks = millions; theirs is a subtler drug. Not the International Monetary Fund, not the exchequers and chancelleries, none has difficulty in orchestrating a sensible revaluation of each currency against the dollar and contrapuntally among themselves—once the goal of the exercise is stated. The problem is one of sheer arithmetic.

Given the task of turning the U.S. Balance of Payments around, a string of revaluations stream out, on the order of Japan 20%, Germany 15%, etc., etc. Each of the revaluations can be done unilaterally by the nation

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold [winged] by thee, can compass
hardest things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore. . . .

—Alexander Pope

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"think piece." His two other fantasies spring from his vocation as a choreographer. In one episode he makes a joke on the flexibility of dancers. Bent over like articulated machinery in every manner of extreme, ungainly position, the women are carried about, placed down, picked up, and carted off—all in a jerky, quick speed. Another episode pokes fun at the precision, especially timing, required by a typical Balanchine dance. One poor girl raises her leg on the fourth instead of third beat; another lifts her left instead of right arm; and so it goes until all the possible mistakes are exhausted. As dance parody, these bits are the funniest I have seen, but they do have to be seen, for they are visual jokes. As funny as they and all the other visual gags are, the originality and genius of *The Concert* lies with human parody, when Robbins speaks through his characters.

At the performance I saw, the audience's laughter was frequent and from the belly. *The Concert* is not the kind of ballet management would want to place on too many programs because its comic effect would wear upon repeated viewing, due not to a fault of the work but to the nature of Robbins' comedy, which must be hilarious if it is not to be a disaster. Even with these programming limitations, however, it has a "smash hit" aura to it.

It was first produced for a brief run by the City Ballet in 1956 and then by Robbins' own short-lived troupe, Ballets: USA. I remember that it got laughs then, and I wondered why the City Ballet dropped it. I still do, but at the same time I suspect that audiences are riper for comic ballet now than they were in the 1950s. In several ways, that is a good sign. Dance is not as sacred as it used to be. Perhaps many people have grown tired of campy, put-down humor and so find this ballet a tonic. The humor is always straightforward, whether it is being wry in a Thurber-like way or totally rambunctious, silly.

I also find myself embracing *The Concert* more warmly now than I did fifteen years ago, but mainly for a different reason. In those days Robbins struck me in part as being clever, an idea man, and too imaginative for his own good—what you might call talented. He actually was much, much better than that, but no matter how fine a ballet was, it never (with the exception of *Afternoon of a Faun*) got to the heart of the dance. Perhaps a comic-whimsical viewpoint, which infused much of his work, cannot ever get to the heart. Indeed, perhaps it is best for a choreographer to have no "viewpoint." Upon seeing *The Concert* in 1956, it was obvious that Robbins was very moved by Chopin and in a way personal enough to create something extraordinary. Yet he turned an honest reaction of infinite possibility into a concoction, otherwise known as a concept. The fact that *The Concert* and other ballets were so good only compounded the frustration of knowing that Robbins would be a great choreographer if he decided to go straight.

He did in 1969, when he created *Dances for a Gathering* for the City Ballet. That was quickly followed by *In the Night*. Both are set to Chopin. Both are masterpieces, and I don't think that is an accident. They bear no resemblance to *The Concert* except for one point. All three are projections of Robbins' experience with Chopin. It is not anyone's business to know what the nature of those experiences have been, but they have produced two ballets that are not only beautiful but profound. Unlike *Dances* and *In the Night*, *The Concert* is many times removed from the experience of listening to Chopin. But now that Robbins has had the honesty and courage to face Chopin head-on, inwardly, it is easy to allow him the privilege of fooling around. And I, for one, love it all, knowing that the choreographer who has taken this little holiday is a master. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Conor Cruise O'Brien's play, *Murderous Angels*, is interesting (Playhouse: 357 W. 48th Street). To call a play "interesting" in a daily is to doom it. It's too much like praising with faint damn. What I mean by the term is that the thing deserves the attention (and the price of admission) of playgoers of adult mentality. There is very little on Broadway these days of which the same may be said.

Apart from its intrinsic merits, O'Brien's play has aroused another sort of interest. There is controversy over its factual authenticity and the propriety of treating such contemporary figures as Dag Hammarskjöld and Patrice Lumumba (whose friends, relatives, associates are still alive) for "fictional" purposes. Many knowledgeable folk aver that O'Brien has played fast and loose with the facts, indeed that they are not facts at all or even allowable inferences but prejudiced hypotheses close to calumny.

Ignorant in the matter, I offer no opinion on this score. On the opening night I asked I. F. Stone what his judgment was of O'Brien's interpretation of the Congolese situation in 1960-61 and the role of the U.N. and others in the tragically muddled events. He confirmed O'Brien's view—it was near enough to the truth, Stone stated—and added that he had publicly said much the same things during that period.

On the other hand, a black poet, Aimé Césaire, who is (or was) a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and a Communist, published a play in 1966 called *A Season in the Congo* in which Lumumba, its central figure, is celebrated as a flawed hero while Hammarskjöld, in a minor role, is by no means a villain and is, in fact, outraged by the conduct of affairs which led to the black leader's murder.

Apart from those who protest against O'Brien's portrait of Hammarskjöld there are some (Federation of Pro-African Nationalist Organizations) who accuse O'Brien of traducing Lumumba by showing him with a white mistress or "junior wife" in addition to his legitimate one. In the French play, just mentioned, there is no such person as Madame Rose Rose, the mistress, only Lumumba's wife, Pauline. Lumumba is seen haunting shady (or are they "popular"?) dives in which his conduct is irreproachable though "permissive." He is painted as a man beloved by the Congolese masses, overimpetuous and fanatic but endowed with prophetic greatness.

On all this, I repeat, I can pass no firm judgment. I have always harbored the feeling that history is largely "fiction" to most of us (which is especially true of our theatregoing audience and particularly so in regard to African affairs) and that we know almost as much, let us say, about Napoleon through Tolstoy's imagination as through documentary "objectivity." Life proposes, historians and artists dispose.*

In the present version of *Murderous Angels*, different from O'Brien's book and the text used in the Mark Taper Forum (Los Angeles) production, which I reviewed when the play was presented there, Hammarskjöld is certainly no hypocrite or perverse tool of the imperialist powers but a man ready to go to any lengths to preserve peace. He does not plot Lumumba's murder; he is intent on the prevention of a large-scale war, a policy to which he is unswervingly committed even at the price of the

*Treatment of contemporary personalities by dramatists and novelists has been a general feature of literature throughout history. Actual names were rarely used, though Aristophanes, for one, did not hesitate to do so. What has changed is that now we have so much publicity through newspapers, television and radio that everyone supposes he knows all about what is happening or has happened to everyone everywhere—which is something of an illusion.

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sacrifice of an individual life: another's or his own. The antagonist of the piece is not Hammarskjöld but various banking and industrial magnates—Belgian, British and French—who believe Lumumba to have Communist leanings. (This makes him inimical to the American Government as well, and their complicity in the affair is not to be excluded as a serious possibility.) We see Lumumba hoping for military aid from the Soviets, aid which is not forthcoming. He is deceived by all parties, a victim of international intrigues, miscalculations, cynical indifference and rooted anarchy.

What interests me in *Murderous Angels* is that it dramatizes the Marxian aphorism, "History walks on two feet," that it is to a considerable degree made by men: it is, above all, human. Though O'Brien has no special gift for the artistic creation of character he does make the general lineaments of his personages clear, their temperamental and social motivations intelligible. His writing, moreover, is at least fluent and cultivated. The play is about something important: the morality of politics or, if you prefer, its amorality. Politics is a subject about which we Americans, in general, are rather more sentimental than acute.

The company which now acts the play is altogether competent: it illustrates the play's idea. The performances on the whole lack color and specific individuality of feeling or insight into character. That is in part due to the forensic nature of the play's language and structure. Jean-Pierre Aumont's Hammarskjöld, within the aforementioned limitations, has sincere intention and strong conviction. Lou Gossett as Lumumba has youthful fire and great charm, though not the steel of an implacable revolutionary—on the whole a most winning performance. Others in the cast: Barbara Colby as Rose Rose is effective; Richard Venture as a callous Belgian capitalist, Richard Easton as an attaché to the U.N. Secretariat, Herbert Jefferson, Jr., as an assistant to the Secretary-General of the U.N., Ben Hammer as a Soviet Ambassador, all bring skill to their roles, and Ula Walker as Pauline Lumumba (and as a Congolese singer), beauty.

Most damaging to the production is the setting on the small stage, its limited acting areas and its dismal color. The scene designer, Peter Wexler, did far better in Los Angeles, but there the stage had more favorable dimensions and other advantageous facilities. Here we have a case in which the physical environment of a play counteracts many of its virtues. Among these is the sober understanding of Gordon Davidson's direction.

Theatre, I repeat for the umpteenth time, is not composed of words or literature alone, nor are its other ingredients merely additive, but when perceived as a totality they form a new organism of which the true value and pleasure may be produced by one or several of the separate ingredients. That is why Shakespeare, badly staged, is so often a theatrical dud, while the work of an inconsiderable writer (or no *writer*) occasionally achieves genuine artistic impact.

I say this apropos of *Inner City* which its playbill designates as a "street cantata." It is actually a series of songs (plus some spoken lines) with music by Helen Miller and lyrics by Eve Merriam, based on Eve Merriam's book *The Inner City Mother Goose* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre).

The inner city of the title is chiefly the black ghetto, but there are white actors in the cast, and the show's implications extend beyond that area. What the songs and "dialogue" describe is the mess and mayhem of our town. The tone is sometimes pathetic but much more frequently comic: some of the jokes made me laugh gustily.

Some complain of the material's banality, but it is hard to see how this can be avoided: it is subject to constant reiteration in plays, musicals, films. Here at least there is a somewhat affirmative ending—"We're on this rock and we intend to stay here." The music too has been blamed for lack of originality. I shall not pronounce myself as to these objections because as I explained in last week's *Nation*, when it comes to rock entertainment everything that is not indubitably brilliant and persuasive strikes me as a further example of a recent fashion or trade mode. I did not suffer any embarrassment with either the words or music of *Inner City*.

What I enjoyed and made me find it a good show is the cast. Linda Hopkins sings with modest emotion and thrilling voice; Dolores Hall is touching as well as attractive in several numbers; Carl Hall has a dervish energy and sparkle; Paulette Ellen Jones is a blazing imp, and Joy Garnett is very pretty and sings well. Larry Marshall, too, is a surprisingly funny fellow. The entire company works splendidly together, and while the black voices tend to overdo the always astonishing head tones, which rise suddenly from a presumably normal pitch to a hysterical treble in the manner of "Bojangles" trumpet virtuosity, I cannot deny that it "sends" me almost as much as it does a great many others in the audience.

Tom O'Horgan has directed the company with most commendable directness. There is no superimposed scenic elaboration: he has helped the performers to

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make their own effect and achieve their own ends. Only in the last scene does he exceed the bounds of good stage sense by having the designer, Robin Wagner, who serves the show with honorable efficiency, set up an enormous (and costly) metal collage as an image of New York; it functions neither as symbol nor as decoration and is in no way helpful to the actors. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

WAGNER: *Lohengrin.* Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Gwyneth Jones soprano; James King, tenor; Thomas Stewart, baritone; Karl Ridderbusch, bass; Bavarian Radio Chorus and Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2713-005. $34.90 (five discs).

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.* Helen Donath, soprano; Ruth Hesse, mezzo-soprano; René Kollo, tenor; Peter Schreier, tenor; Theo Adam, baritone; Geraint Evans, baritone; Zoltán Kélémen, baritone; Karl Ridderbusch, bass; Dresden State Opera Chorus, Leipzig Radio Chorus; Dresden State Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Angel SEL-3776. $29.90 (five discs).

WAGNER: *Parsifal.* Gwyneth Jones, soprano; James King, tenor; Thomas Stewart, baritone; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Franz Crass, bass; Karl Ridderbusch, bass; Bayreuth Festival Chorus and Orchestra, Pierre Boulez, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2713-004. $34.90 (five discs).

A bumper crop of Wagner recordings this year—there is also a Solti-directed *Tannhäuser,* which has not been submitted for review as yet, and Karajan has recently completed a *Tristan*—but I regret to report that only one of this trio is a reasonable success. Kubelik leads a straightforwardly musical *Lohengrin,* carefully prepared and strongly cast (with one exception, as we shall see). What is particularly, if unobtrusively, noteworthy about this reading is its consistent rhythmic impetus and clarity—factors absent to some degree in the work of Boulez and Karajan. Given the minimum of metrical variety in this opera (except for the brief *King's Prayer* in the first act, it is entirely in duple time!), Kubelik's achievement is a notable one, and the chorus and orchestra support him well.

Assessment of the Boulez approach to *Parsifal* is somewhat impeded by obvious executive difficulties; evidently neither the chorus nor the orchestra at the 1970 Bayreuth Festival (where this was recorded, at rehearsals and public performances) was up to the level of earlier years, and one doesn't often hear the kind of intonational security and textural transparency that characterize most of Boulez's performances. The tempos are on the fast side, but the lack of phrase articulation in the orchestral playing, rather than the tempos themselves, creates a lightweight impression. Fully realized, this might have been an interesting conception; as recorded, it fails to convince.

A modern stereo recording of *Die Meistersinger* is certainly welcome, but Karajan's authoritarian reading carries on the tradition of underarticulated playing familiar from his *Ring* recordings; one longs for some real spontaneity, but much of this is merely dutiful. There are curious lapses of tension, too, in the finales to the first and last acts, where textural smoothness replaces forward motion as the goal.

As indexes to the current state of singing in the Wagner literature, these recordings are probably accurate: in general, good lower voices, problems up above. Karl Ridderbusch, at the bottom of the range, does especially well as King Henry in *Lohengrin,* has a few rough moments in *Meistersinger,* and sings his tiny part in *Parsifal* impeccably. Franz Crass is a smooth Gurnemanz, if somewhat limited in variety of pronouncement. Among the baritones, Thomas Stewart sounds, in *Lohengrin,* better than any competition in some time, and if he is functioning at less than perfect condition in *Parsifal,* I would still nominate him as the next Hans Sachs; Theo Adam's hard, pitch-uncertain sound is no treat.

In the problematic tenor category, James King at least boasts a voice in good working order. His lack of imagination is less a handicap as Lohengrin, who spends most of the first two acts making proclamations, here delivered in a free, ringing voice; Parsifal, however, must confront the *Ur*-temptress Kundry, and this calls for a flexibility that King does not yet own. In *Meistersinger,* we have a converted pop singer, René Kollo, who makes a very attractive sound but is yet prone to mannerisms of scooping and aspirating. As his ladylove, Helen Donath is quite satisfactory: a pretty voice and the ability to project character—this last an attribute sadly lacking in Gundula Janowitz, who sings Elsa with all the personality of a British choir boy. Gwyneth Jones, unfortunately, has no business singing either Ortrud or Kundry, for her voice is in disastrous shape; when it stops wobbling, you can hear that she is really an Elsa, not an Ortrud—but this doesn't happen often. It's very distressing to hear the fine native endowment of five years ago in such a state of technical crisis, as the result of too much singing, too many wrong roles, too insecure a foundation.

All these albums are provided with the usual libretto booklets, but Angel has devised a special form of packaging torture for the *Meistersinger*: a printed sleeve around a linen-bound box that is blind-stamped on the front but absolutely blank on the spine; when you have thrown away that sleeve (and you will, after wrestling it on and off a few times), there is nothing to identify the album on the shelf—save perhaps its uniqueness, which we may earnestly hope it will retain. □

PLATH

sitting there dumb and squat
a staring white Incan
I am squinting in the harsh light
bare-bulbed on the Andean ceiling
God's filaments sun-hot

rising then swift and sure
the condor-blind shaman
I am shrouded in a tight wind
back-packed on thin oxygen llamas
kin sacrifice priest-pure

Jud Newborn

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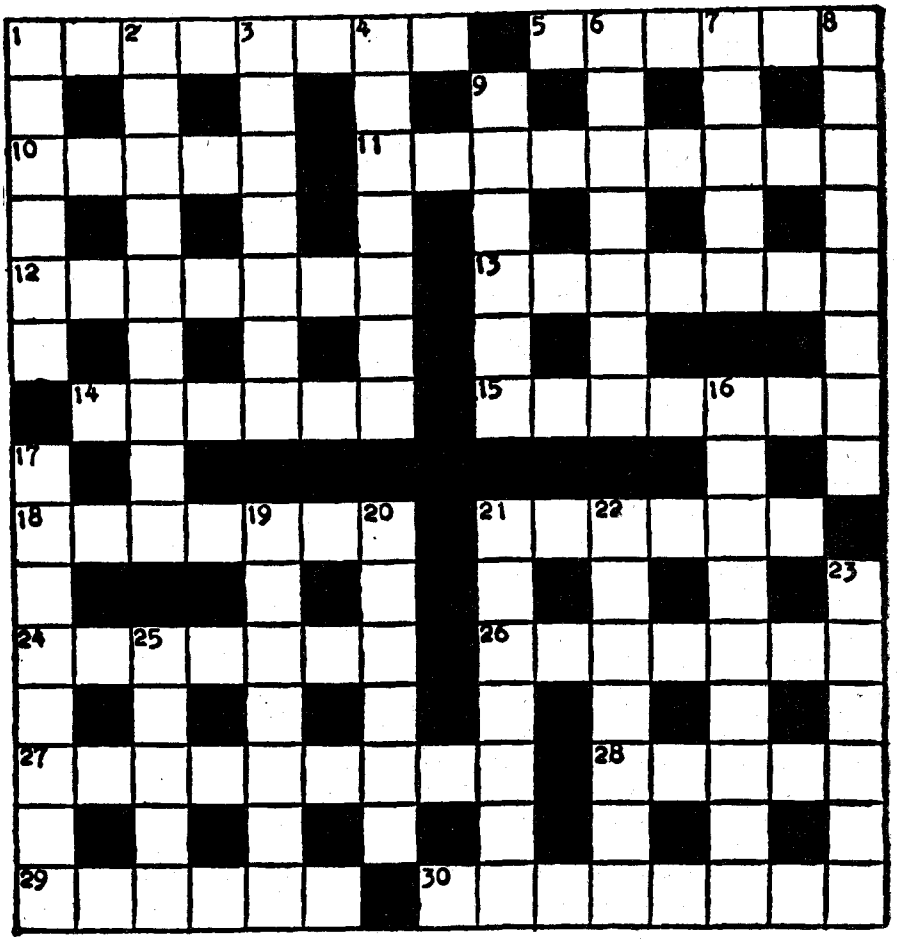
Crossword Puzzle No. 1424

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 If it isn't the grating type, it might involve 8 and 17. (8)
5 The film sort, however, doesn't involve the boom. (4-2)
10 A news release on what many a mother does to her child? (5)
11 Does it take persistent exertion to achieve such carriage? (9)
12 Not the era of Ann and Andy. (Did they swing much later? (7)
13 Strauss waltz? What a life! (7)
14 Typified by 11 at one time, or by degrees. (6)
15 Typical of Arabs or Moslems, a race near Syria might identify one. (7)
18 Without a handle, commonly. (7)
21 25 and 7, perhaps. (6)
24 Tells one how cement might be laid.
26 Tried to make a display in the *Times*, say, editorially. (7)
27 Is a broken mare worth more as a type that can do little more than crawl? (9)
27 Bohemian quarters take about what the serviceman turns to for service. (5)
29 One horn of a nautical dilemma. (6)
30 What might happen to wood, perhaps, when such as termites are around with such objects. (8)

DOWN

1 Where to find patient living, if not outgoing. (6)
2 An animal needs most of the fruit found over three-quarters of the state, winding up north. (9)
3 George Wither didn't think much of this in despair. (7)
4 Blushing like this? (7)
6 Not so heavy but some women carry it in a purse. (7)
7 See 25 down
8 and 17 Cleaner in this, perhaps, as a matter of urgency. (8,8)
9 Castle destroyed with these underfoot. (6)
16 On the other side of 29, though you might find his cry bad, very bad. (9)
17 See 8 down
19 Officer obviously for "God and King Harry." (7)
20 One who dictates seems to take off a mark. (6)
21 Does the pitcher take the best part? (7)
22 Spotless, it would still come up to be the same. (4-3)
23 They don't take part in the workers' movement. (6)
25 and 7 down Knowing looks one might get from the Baba gang. (5-5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1423

ACROSS: 1 Anthropologists; 9 Day room; 10 Rhubarb; 11 Instep; 12 Schemata; 14 Considered; 15 Asti; 17 Magi; 19 Implacable; 22 Twopence; 23 Calash; 25 Nominal; 26 Bridges; 27 Extension ladder. DOWN; 2 Trypsin; 3 Rhodesia; 4 and 1 down Pomp and Circumstance; 5 La Rochelle; 6 Gouger; 7 Scarabs; 8 Submarine chaser; 13 Vermicelli; 16 Sciatica; 18 Grommet; 20 Bragged; 21 Pennon; 24 Ebon.

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PROCLAMATION

State of New York

Executive Chamber

The first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, known as the Bill of Rights, were adopted on December 15, 1791.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and other rights essential to our way of life were proclaimed in these ten Amendments, and have been indispensable to America's progress and democratic way of life ever since.

These freedoms and the Bill of Rights will endure only if a vigilant citizenry is implacably dedicated to their defense and preservation.

It is therefore most appropriate, on this 180th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, for all New Yorkers and all Americans to renew their determination to preserve the guarantees afforded by these amendments for all individuals and groups.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby proclaim the period of December 9-15, 1971, as

BILL OF RIGHTS WEEK

in New York State.

GIVEN under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State at the Capitol in the City of Albany this twenty-fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one.

BY THE GOVERNOR

Secretary to the Governor

. . . BUT NOT NOTICED.

Governor Rockefeller's proclamation was presented at the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee's dinner on the occasion of the 180th anniversary of the Bill of Rights but went unreported by the press.

If evidence be needed of the timeliness and relevance of this proclamation, it can be found in THE NATION's special issue by Frank J. Donner and Eugene Cerruti: "The Grand Jury Network: How the Nixon Administration Has Secretly Perverted a Traditional Safeguard of Individual Rights."

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